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Saturday Review

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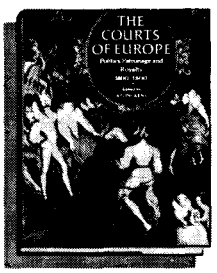

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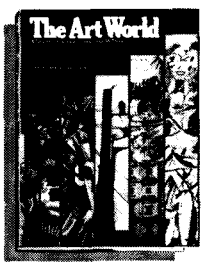

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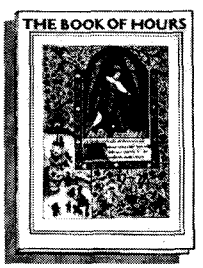

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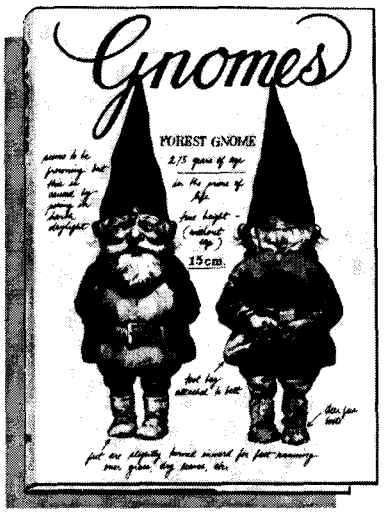

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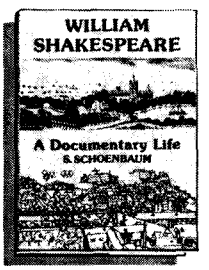

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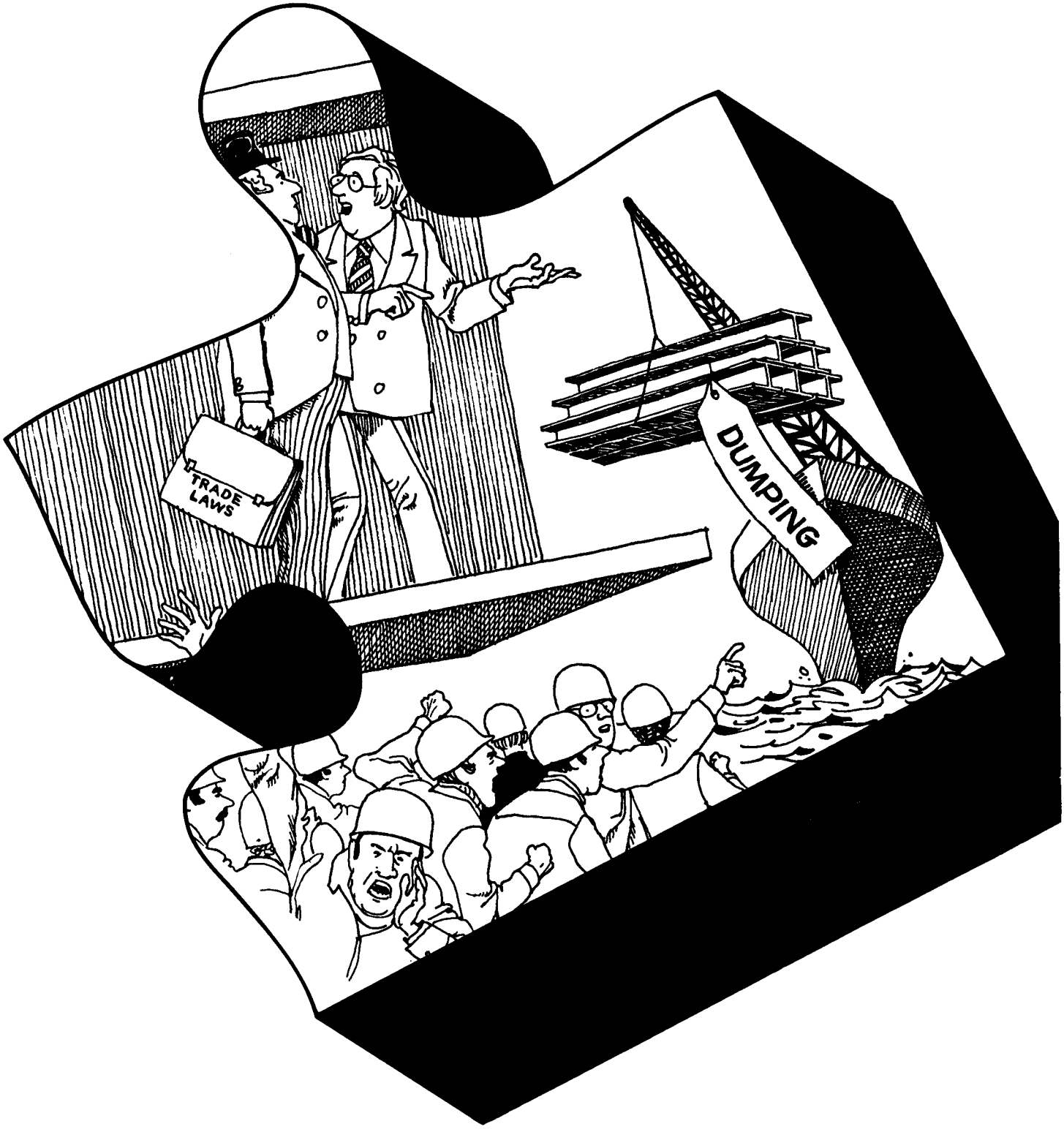

Fair play in steel trade:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle

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rade laws can save
ɔt of other Americans, too.

America's existing trade laws were designed to encourage *fair* trade between our nation and others... and also to prevent damage to *any* domestic industry caused by *unfair* trade practices.

One of America's trade laws states that it's illegal for a foreign producer to sell his product in the U.S. at a price *below* his full cost of production.

That's called "dumping." And that's what foreign steel producers have been doing in recent years. "Dumping" their products in the U.S.—in order to keep their plants running, their people employed. What they do, in effect, is export their unemployment to the U.S.

But "dumping" is not just a steel industry problem. That illegal practice affects many American industries and many hundreds of thousands of workers.

One answer: enforce the existing trade laws

Free trade, yes. But *fair*. We don't think any American industry is asking for too much when it demands *fair play* here in our own country. When it asks our government for vigorous and effective enforcement of existing laws.

Trigger pricing

One attempt to achieve fair play for America's steel industry is the trigger price mechanism implemented by the Administration.

Objectives of the mechanism are (1) to monitor the prices of steel imports into the U.S. and (2) to initiate accelerated anti-dumping investigations of imports priced below the trigger price mechanism.

To be effective, the mechanism must reflect the *full* cost of the lowest-cost foreign producer for steel landed in the U.S. If it does not, it will not really eliminate the unfair trade practice of "dumping."

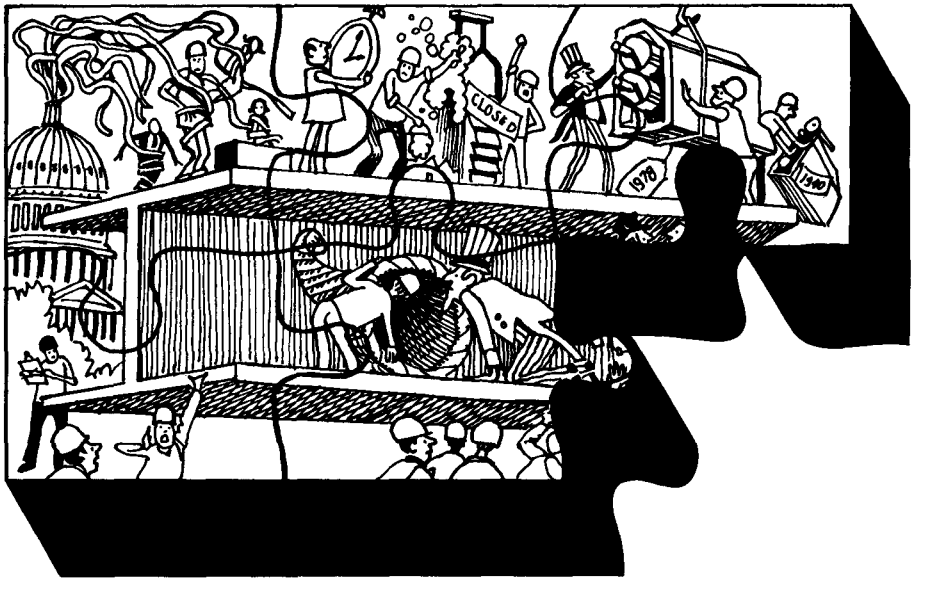
Still needed: U.S. tariffs on steel

Regardless of the ultimate impact of the trigger price mechanism, we believe that existing U.S. tariffs on steel should be retained. These tariffs are an element of moderation in the international arena for steel trade. They must be maintained until such time as fair and nondiscriminatory world trade in steel has been achieved.

Washington must help

Unfair trade practices, such as "dumping," benefit foreign products and foreign workers at the expense of our own. If you believe the U.S. government should enforce U.S. laws to stop such unfair practices, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem

In search of solutions

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HOW TO REDUCE RUST

YOU MAY BE WASHING THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR CAR.

Spring is a perfect time to do something about rust.

Rusting is a year-round problem, and corrosive conditions have become a lot worse in the last five years.

If you live where salt is used to melt ice on the roads, that is speeding up corrosion on your car. If you live in the country, it's the calcium chloride that's spread on dirt roads to hold down dust. And corrosive chemicals in the air are causing rust in every part of America.

We're doing something to help prevent rust on the new cars we're building. Meanwhile, you can do something about reducing rust on your car.

It's important to wash your car often. Use a mild soap and lukewarm or cold water.

Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

A lot of people think that parking a car in a heated garage during the winter will help prevent rust. But it's just the opposite. Cold slows down the rusting process, as it does most chemical reactions.

We're doing more now to protect GM cars from rust. For one thing, we're using more rust-resistant materials, including different types of zinc-coated steel, in places where rust usually occurs. Also, our new paint primers and the way we apply them are designed to provide a thorough finish, even on some parts of the car you can't see.

Our goal is to protect your car so that it lasts longer and gives you the most value. And fighting rust helps.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

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LETTERS

Patient Prescriptions

I agree enthusiastically with N.C.'s classic observation, "One of the main functions of the doctor is to engage to the fullest the patient's own ability to mobilize the forces of mind and body in turning back disease." ["What I Learned from 3,000 Doctors," February 18.]

I have found an unusual but helpful approach when attempting to assess a patient's mobilization potential, and that is to ask, "What do you believe will make you better? I want to know, no matter how silly or unorthodox it may sound to you or me." It is amazing what unusual but at the same time significant responses one gets as a "prescription."

My thanks to N.C. for sharing what he has learned.

Dr. Charles Gunn
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Laughing Matter

Regarding K. Jason Sitewell's letter ["Double Jeopardy," April 1]: It is not generally known that for many years nutrium has been a "hidden" ingredient in bottled nitrous oxide (laughing gas).

Kudos to Sitewell for making us aware of another of Congressman A. F. Day's ticklish situations.

Peggy Fox
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Southern Pride and Prejudice

Laughlin McDonald is right—racial prejudice still exists in the South ["Jim Crow Is Alive and Well in the Old 'New South,'" April 1]—but it does not take a great deal of insight to arrive at his conclusion. Jimmy Carter and Andrew Young exaggerated, to say the least, when they proclaimed the end of racial discrimination in the South. One does not wipe out overnight racial discrimination that has been in the making for more than 200 years. The *Brown* decision, the civil rights acts, and the freedom marches provided the framework for ending racial discrimination, but they did not change the substance of racial feelings in the South. It will take years of agonizing change to rearrange race relations between southern whites and blacks. What Carter and Young were really proclaiming was the beginning of this process.

Jim Crow is alive in the South, but he is not well. He is dying a slow death. Every time a black and a white interact as equals, Jim Crow inches closer to his grave.

Jim Doyle
Rome, Ga.

I suspect that what Laughlin McDonald wrote about Moultrie's being a Jim Crow town is largely true, because I was born in Georgia and grew up in a town similar to Moultrie. But I would have more respect for his writing, and for him as a writer, if McDonald had not slanted his material. I offer the following facts to help balance those in McDonald's article that were inaccurate or incomplete:

• Fear is the main reason why changes have not occurred faster in Southerners' lives and attitudes: fear by the blacks that something will happen to them if they assert themselves and demand their rights and fear by the whites that something will happen to them if blacks assert themselves.

• Thousands of towns and hamlets across the South have accepted the courts' rulings concerning segregation.

• Voting for blacks because they're black is not going to change appreciably their economic and social conditions any more than their voting for whites would. Elections will not make a real difference in this country—for any group of people—until voters go to the polls by their own volition and vote for the candidate himself or herself—not because of color or family name or wealth or union backing but because of character and record.

Finally, McDonald's article would have been more accurate if he had used the words *our country* instead of the word *South*.

Ollie Shuman
Milwaukee, Wis.

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Pennsylvania 6-5000 (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Strings of Pearls (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You (Mel Torme)
Lady Be Good (Count Basie and the Orch.)
When You Were Sweet Sixteen (The Ink Spots)
Music Makers (The Harry James Orch.)
The Last Time I Saw Paris (Johnny Desmond)
Garden in the Rain (The Sportsmen)
I'll Be Seeing You (Kate Smith)
Let's Get Away From It All (Tommy Dorsey)
Sunrise Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE II

SONGS (ARTIST)

These Foolish Things (Ted Weems)
I've Heard That Song Before (Harry James)
A Tisket, A Tasket (Ella Fitzgerald)
It's the Talk of the Town (Johnny Desmond)
I Surrender Dear (Mel Torme)
Blueberry Hill (Louie Armstrong)
Green Eyes (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Navy Fight Song (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Boogie Woogie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
To Each His Own (Ink Spots)
In The Modd (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Yankee Doodle Boy (Norman Brooks Orch.)
Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Sing, Sing, Sing (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Frankie & Johnny (Lena Horne)
You Made Me Love You (Judy Garland)

SOUNDSTAGE III

SONGS (ARTIST)

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Kate Smith)
Got a Pebble in My Shoe (Ella Fitzgerald)
Don't Get Around Much (Duke Ellington)
I've Got a Crush on You (Frank Sinatra)
This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)
Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Don't Fence Me In (Shep Fields Orch.)
Moonlight Cocktail (Glenn Miller Orch.)
So Rare (Jimmy Dorsey Orch.)
Bugle Call Rag (Benny Goodman Orch.)
If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
Twilight Time (Les Brown Orch.)
Heartaches (Ted Weems)
Taking a Chance on Love (Tommy Dorsey)
Red, Red Robin (Sportsmen)
I'm Getting Sentimental (Tommy Dorsey)

SOUNDSTAGE IV

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ghost of a Chance (Mel Torme)
When I Take My Sugar (Shep Fields Orch.)
Side by Side (Kate Smith)
Harbor Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
Woodchoppers Ball (Woody Herman Band)
Swanee River (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Best Things in Life Are Free (Frank Sinatra)
Elmer's Tune (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Cuddle Up A Little Closer (Ink Spots)
Flat Foot Floogie (Louie Armstrong)
Little Brown Jug (Glenn Miller Orch.)
That Old Devil Moon (Johnny Desmond)
Somebody's Taking My Place (Ted Weems)
Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Wish You Were Here (Judy Garland)
Don't Squeeze Me (Lena Horne)

SOUNDSTAGE V

SONGS (ARTIST)

Velvet Moon (Harry James Orch.)
I Wonder Why (Bing Crosby/Judy Garland)
I Had the Craziest Dream (Harry James)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Fats Waller)
A Slow Boat to China (Dick Haymes)
I'll Be Around (Anita Ray)
Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Song of India (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Blue Skies (The Sportsmen)
Habanera (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Perfidia (Billy Daniels)
If I Had You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Red Sails in the Sunset (Sportsmen)
Swing Low (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
People Will Say We're in Love (Kate Smith)
Rock-a-Bye Basie (Count Basie Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VI

SONG (ARTIST)

You Do Something to Me (Frank Sinatra)
Kalamazoo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
All of You (Johnny Desmond)
Me and My Shadow (Shep Fields Orch.)
Music Maestro Please (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
All or Nothing at All (Billy Daniels)
Oh, Look at Me Now (Dick Haymes)
At Last (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Coffee Time (Les Brown Orch.)
But Not Like You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Sunday Kind of Love (Anita Ray)
April in Portugal (Ted Heath Orch.)
I've Got the Sun in the Morning (Bing Crosby)
This Love of Mine (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Linger Awhile (Shep Fields Orch.)
The Man With a Horn (Harry James Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VII

SONG (ARTIST)

[illegible] It Isn't So (Ted Weems)
[illegible]ck-a-Bye Your Baby (Judy Garland)
Chattanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Maria Lena (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
April in Paris (Count Basie Orch.)
The Poor People of Paris (Lawrence Welk)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Mel Torme)
Poor Butterfly (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Marie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Isle of Capri (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sentimental Journey (Les Brown Orch.)
American Patrol (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Peanut Vendor (Stan Kenton Orch.)
Just You, Just Me (Frank Sinatra)
My Heart Stood Still (Dick Haymes)
Frenesi (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VIII

SONGS (ARTIST)

Serenade in Blue (Glenn Miller Orch.)
When My Sugar Walks (The Sportsmen)
So Far (Dick Haymes)
Prelude to a Kiss (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Stompin' at the Savoy (Benny Goodman Orch.)
There Are Such Things (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Got the World on a String (Bill Daniels)
A Fine Romance (Shep Fields Orch.)
Blue Moon (Les Brown Orch.)
Cherokee (Charlie Barnett Orch.)
Full Moon Empty Arms (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
I Know Why (Glenn Miller Orch.)
It Ain't Necessarily So (Pres Prado Orch.)
Jeepers, Creepers (Louie Armstrong)
Tennessee Newsboy (Frank Sinatra)
Moonglow (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE IX

SONGS (ARTIST)

I Found A New Baby (Benny Goodman Orch.)
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown)
I'll Never Smile Again (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Let's Put Out the Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
I Can't Believe That You're In Love (Mel Torme)
After You've Gone (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Blue Champagne (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Stardust (Al Goodman Orch.)
Sleepy Time Gal (Harry James Orch.)
Hold Tight (Andrews Sisters)
Tenderly (Kate Smith)
I Can't Get Started (Johnny Desmond)
Polka Dots and Moonbeams (Frank Sinatra)
Claire De Lune (Glenn Miller Orch.)
This Time the Dream's on Me (Dick Haymes)
Chasing Rainbows (Lawrence Welk Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE X

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ten O'clock Jump (Count Basie Orch.)
There Must Be A Way (Shep Fields Orch.)
Anvil (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Can't Give You Anything (Mel Torme)
Who's Sorry Now (Kate Smith)
I Don't Want to Walk (Anita Ray)
Sunny Side of the Street (Tommy Dorsey)
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kate Smith)
Sleepy Lagoon (Harry James)
Drigo's Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
There's a Small Hotel (Johnny Desmond)
Don't Be That Way (Benny Goodman)
Champagne Waltz (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Once In A While (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Begin the Beguine (Al Goodman Orch.)
Why Was I Born (Frank Sinatra)

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FRONT RUNNERS

Racquel Balin

Sharing the Burden

When the oil carrier *Amoco Cadiz* sprang a leak off the coast of Brittany, experts at coping with this sort of mishap were flown in from all over. They didn't cope very well.

The man they should have sent for was Max Pitcher. He might not have saved the coastline, but he surely would have been a great comfort to the Bretons.

Pitcher is a vice-president of the Continental Oil Company, which has been champing at the bit to drill in the Georges Bank, off Cape Cod. Last winter, Yankee fishermen persuaded the state of Massachusetts to block the award of drilling leases until clauses are written in to protect their ancient fishing grounds.

On that occasion Pitcher told *The New York Times*, "This part of the country just seems like it does not want to carry its share of the energy burden."

We had puzzled over these words. They are now clear, and they should be a source of pride to those Breton toilers of the sea. Along with the oil companies, the Bretons have indeed carried their share of the burden, and they will for years to come.

Stairway to the Stars

Is the next big sports craze going to be stair climbing and stairwell racing? Experts say that if you go at it gradually, walking or running up stairs can make you lean and fit and will, of course, help you to rise in the world.

A year ago, oil executive William L. Huntington began walking up the stairs of his Indianapolis office building in order to toughen himself for mountain climbing. At first he could manage "only" 10 flights of stairs. But within three months he was striding up *all 83 flights*—1,600 steps—in about 40 minutes. To pass the time while ascending the stairs, Huntington reads spy thrillers.

In New York City, meanwhile, a runners' club recently sponsored a race up the stairs of the Empire State Building—86 floors, or 1,575 steps. For reasons of safety, all entrants had to be "ultra-marathoners" used to running upwards of 30 miles. The 15 finishers included a fifty-five-year-old man and two women—one a housewife with five children. The winner was thirty-seven-year-old Gary Muhrcke (*not* pronounced Mercury), who bounded up the stairs—about a fifth of a mile, vertically—in the astonishing time of 12.32 minutes.

The equally astonishing postscript: It turned out that Muhrcke is an ex-New York City fireman who retired on a disability pension because of a back injury suffered in line of duty. He can run, Muhrcke explained, but can't do the heavy lifting routinely required of a fireman. His story seems to check out, but the fire department says it will review the case.

Resilient Refugees

Remember back in the spring of 1975 when a national furor developed over bringing Vietnamese refugees to the U.S.? Opponents of large-scale Vietnamese immigration said then that the refugees couldn't adapt to American culture and would wind up as burdens on the taxpayers.

But it hasn't happened that way: The Health, Education, and Welfare Department, which keeps track of Vietnamese refugees, says in its latest report that their employment "compares favorably with that of the American work force in general."

As of last November, HEW says, 89 percent of Vietnamese refugee households had one family member or more working, though their wages sometimes were so low they needed supplementary aid. But only 11 percent of refugee families were "totally dependent" on welfare.

Overall, says HEW, about two thirds of 148,355 Indochinese refugees in the United States last November were working. Cost to the U.S. Treasury: $202 million since May 1975 to resettle and train the refugees and to provide them with cash aid. HEW doesn't say so, but it's obvious the fears of 1975 were groundless and that the Vietnamese refugees already have repaid the U.S. investment in them through their taxes and productivity.

Last fall President Carter signed legislation enabling about 130,000 Vietnamese refugees to change their immigration status from "parolee" to "permanent resident alien"—the first step toward U.S. citizenship.

Riposte

Are you turned off by notes written on paper headed "FROM THE DESK OF" so-and-so? Charlotte and Denis Plimmer, American writers living in London, have been known to answer such notes as follows: "Dear Desk:. . . ."

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FRONT RUNNERS

In the Dead of Night

Strange nocturnal comings and goings at the University of Minnesota. It seems that every day after sundown, dozens of homeless young drifters slip into campus buildings. There they prowl the corridors, take showers, sack out, and in general make themselves at home. Some of them, the rumor goes, even smuggle themselves into daytime classes held in the buildings where they stay at night. All this has been going on for about four years, says William House, head of university security, who adds that the interlopers spend a lot of their time just trying to stay one step ahead of the college's janitors.

The situation at Minnesota is remindful of the science fantasy story about the man who moved into a giant department store and had a grand time, once he learned how to duck the night watchmen and their police dogs. Later he found that the store was full of illegals like himself, some of whom had lived there out of the sunlight for so long that they were pallid to the point of near-invisibility. At Minnesota, even the four-year illegals have not yet become that ghostly, but the guards nonetheless find them elusive. Occasionally, the campus police catch a few and issue trespassing summonses—but the culprits seldom turn up in court for sentencing.

White Water

Though kayaks are colorful, sleek little craft, they do look a bit lost amid the lordly power cruisers and sailing vessels that crowd our waterways. Why, then, the current boom in kayaking? For one thing, it's exhilarating—as when a kayaker goes plummeting down a white water course, frantically stabbing a double-bladed paddle into churning foam. Further, the sport isn't expensive—a $600 two-seater can last you for 20 years.

But above all, according to kayaking maven Dieter Stiller, the sport is booming because it ties in so nicely with older, more established pastimes such as fishing, bird-watching, nature photography, and other average-guy pursuits that enable people to escape the stress of daily living. American kayakers can be seen paddling on Alaska's Prince William Sound, surrounded by glaciers, islands, and wildlife; on the Delaware and Hudson rivers; or anywhere there is water. Some of them even commute by kayak. Eric Evans, former editor of *Down River* magazine, says there are about 100,000 kayakers now at large in U.S. waters—which is, incidentally, well over three times the number of Eskimos living in North America's arctic regions.

Enjoy Your Stay!

The following message, posted in each room of a prominent hotel, was commonplace at the turn of the twentieth century:

This room is equipped with an Edison Electric Light. Do not attempt to light with match. Simply turn the key on the wall by the door.

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A Bearish Market

Despite our much-publicized grain deals with the Soviets, Japan is still the biggest single foreign purchaser of U.S. grain, soybeans, and cotton—and it is also an active market for other, lesser known products of farm and countryside. Which products? Would you believe bear bile and cattle gallstones?

According to a recent Department of Agriculture bulletin, a buyer in Tokyo is eager to purchase "100 percent pure 'cattle gallstones'... in perfect form, wrapped in vinyl film, stuffed with cotton." The same buyer is looking, cash in hand, for "bear bile, perfectly dried, and amber in color." Two pounds of either the gallstones or the bear bile will bring about $3,000. What does the buyer want these items for—medicinal use? And how does a citizen go about accumulating two pounds of dried bear bile? On these points the Agriculture Department bulletin wisely remains silent.

Submissions

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ARE WE AFRAID OF LIVING LONGER?

The Strange Resistance to Aging Research

by Albert Rosenfeld

IN HIS NEW NOVEL, *Paradise I*, Alan Harrington envisions a time, only a few decades hence, when injections of "T-minus serum" rejuvenate the old and confer an indefinitely extended life-span on the lucky few who are chosen by computer lottery. Those rejected by the computer, the masses who have no access to the precious serum, grow increasingly restive and resentful. Finally: "Pogroms ... against the favored people ... in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Atlanta. ... Bounty hunters hire themselves out. ... and the hunt is on."

In an earlier short story, by Stephen Leacock, the characters no longer die of old age; they die only because of physical accidents. As a consequence, they spend most of their time and attention being very careful *not* to have an accident. In yet another story, by Alan Nourse, the long-lived heroes have so much time that they take all the time they have. They never get a project off the drawing board.

Do such literary imaginings accurately reflect the ways in which people would behave if antiaging substances were available to them? None among us can say for sure, of course. But the young among us may get the chance to find out at firsthand.

For we in this century may well have the capacity for the first time in human history to do something about the process of aging—to hold back, even to *turn* back, its ravages.

Yet we are not leaping at the opportunity.

Why not?

Partly because we fear the consequences of success. But mostly because of a large credibility gap: We still can't really believe in the sudden science-factual feasibility of an outcome that we had assumed would always remain purely science-fictional.

It is important that we close this credibility gap because our government is right now, at various levels, discussing research on aging and its future consequences. If the scenarios being envisioned do not incorporate into their considerations the very real possibility that we may discover the basic biological mechanisms of the aging process and thus acquire the long-dreamed-of possibility of extending significantly the good years of human life, then to that extent those scenarios will be seriously defective—if not useless.

These thoughts resurfaced in my mind recently when I was invited to testify before a congressional subcommittee on aging. This was a "futures" hearing, and the topic was "Life Extension and Tomorrow's Elderly." Such discussions are going on in many places outside the government as well. The trouble with most of them—though less so outside the government—is that people tend to think of life extension as being modest gains of another few years and as continuing increments of more of the same. These would come about by virtue of the alleviation or cure of specific degenerative diseases such as late-onset cancer, heart disease, and stroke. The result would be an ever larger population of elderly people facing social, economic, and ethical problems similar to today's, only aggravated and a bit more complex.

"In any attempt at futurology," said Dr. Leonard Hayflick, a distinguished gerontologist, at a Chicago conference last year, "it is wisest to base predictions on similar events that have happened in the past." But what if there are no similar events to be found in the past? Some events are unprecedented, such as our capability of recombining DNA molecules and of manipulating genes. On which past events may we base our predictions of the consequences? In all likelihood, the outcome of successful research on aging would generate conditions radically different from those we now face—especially as the merely old chronologically became less and less elderly and aged physically. We talk and write glibly about "the graying of America," but I for one wouldn't place any bets that gray will be the predominant hair color of future old folks. And nursing homes as we now know them could become as rare as TB sanatoriums already have.

We cannot be certain that this increase in longevity will happen, but to rule it out of our future considerations as if it could not happen is simply foolish. It not only could happen, it could probably happen much sooner if we deliberately choose to bring it about rather than wait passively for the knowledge to accrue. In a study conducted by the RAND Corporation, a sampling of scientific forecasters guessed that a 50-year increase in human longevity could be attained by the year 2020. Other surveys have come up with more conservative predictions, but they still indicate that many experts consider such ideas anything but preposterous.

Late in 1977, the Academic Press brought out a new and completely revised edition of *Time, Cells and Aging*, a seminal book first published in 1962 by Dr. Bernard L. Strehler, of the University of Southern California. Strehler was amazed at the quantity of new knowledge that had accumulated in the 15-year interim, allowing him to be much more optimistic in this edition about the prospects of conquering old age

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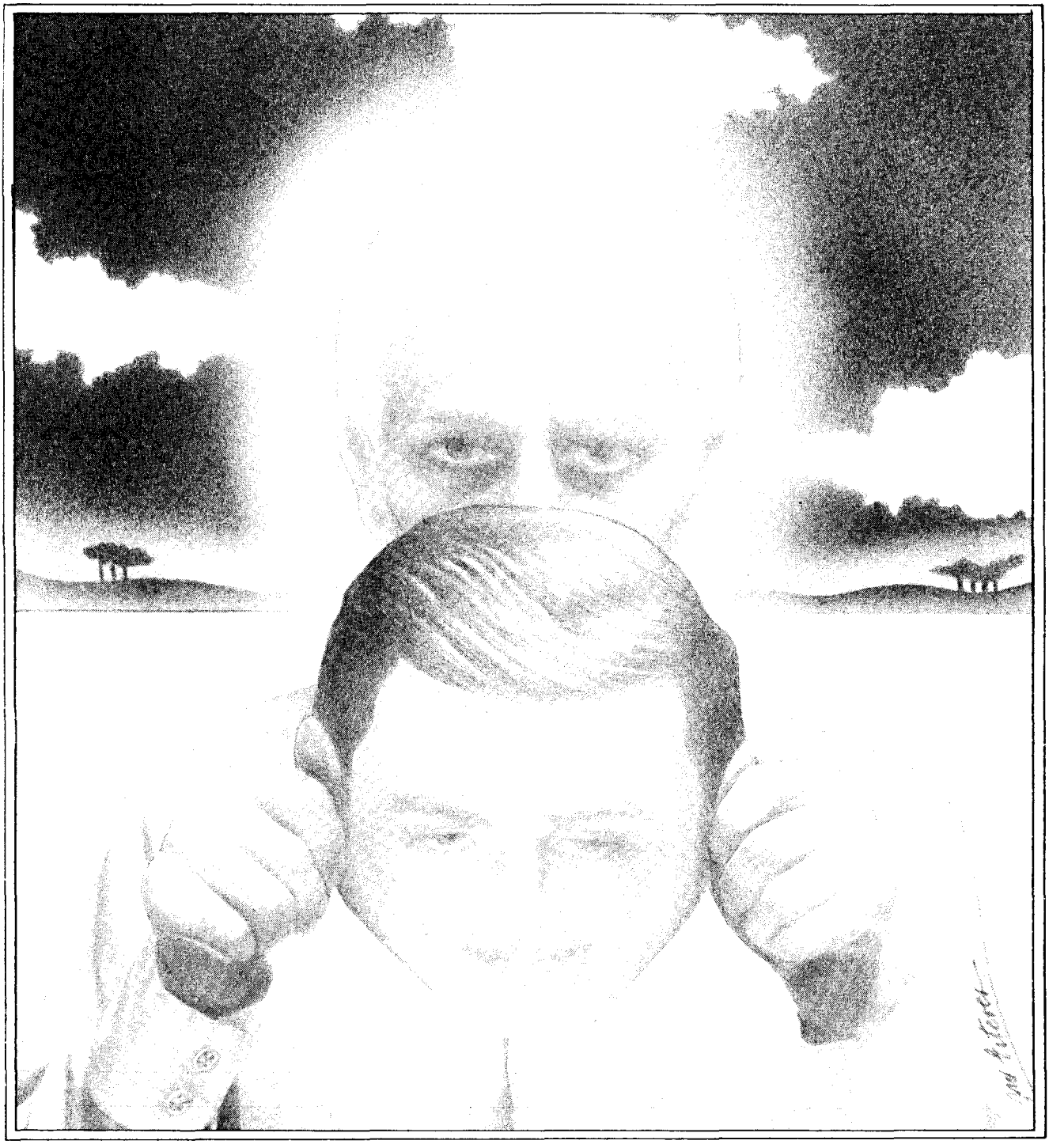
and extending the human life-span. Strehler has indeed been among the more outspoken—at times even evangelistic—of those gerontologists trying to close the credibility gap, and his own scholarly book is one of the better arguments in that direction.

If Strehler is surprised at how much has come to pass in the decade and a half since the first edition of *Time, Cells and Aging*, I am doubly so as I contemplate what has occurred in only a year and a half since the publication of *Prolongevity*, my own book on the subject. Some random examples:

• I wrote of Dr. Denham Harman, of the University of Nebraska, who, among others, has succeeded in substantially extending the life expectancy of mice by the use of antioxidants such as 2-MEA (2-mercaptoethylamine), BHT (butylated hydroxytoluene), vitamin E, and a quinoline derivative called Santoquin. Now Harman has noted an unexpected effect in the next generation: Those mice whose mothers were fed antioxidants and thus lived longer—though they themselves are fed standard laboratory diets with no antioxidants added—also seem to be living longer, the apparent beneficiaries of their mothers' improved condition!

• I wrote about a series of classic experiments that began more than 40 years ago with Dr. Clive M. McCay, of Cornell, in which laboratory rats were deliberately underfed while their nutritious, well-balanced diet was maintained. This regimen resulted in extending their life-span by a third, a half, or even another full lifetime. The trouble is that to be



Jon Esteves

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effective, such a dietary plan has to begin very early in life—before puberty, in fact—which virtually eliminates the method as possibly transferrable to human beings—since no one would undertake such an experiment, of such doubtful outcome, over such a long period of time, on children. But now Dr. Charles H. Barrows, Jr., of the National Institute on Aging, has been conducting experiments and collecting data from others that strongly suggest that antiaging benefits may still be gained even if the dietary regimen is started much later in life. In one series of studies, life-spans of rats were increased by 25 percent to 33 percent by cutting protein levels in half starting at the age of sixteen months—equivalent according to Barrows's calculations to age forty-five on the human scale. Thus new hope suddenly emerges for adding to the life-span by simple dietary controls.

• I wrote too of thymosin, a hormone believed to have the capacity to boost the body's faulty or failing immune system. Developed most energetically at the University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston by Dr. Allan L. Goldstein and his associates, thymosin has already shown promise when used experimentally against some of the inherited immune deficiency diseases. In recent studies by Dr. Paul B. Chretien, at the National Cancer Institute, thymosin was used in addition to standard chemotherapy. The combination enabled victims of one form of lung cancer to survive significantly longer than a control group of patients—presumably by boosting their failing immune system, though this is not yet regarded as proved. We know that our immune system declines with advancing age, rendering us more susceptible to every variety of infection and stress. Though thymosin is not a specifically antiaging hormone, if it does indeed bring a failing immune system back up to optimal level, it should improve the quality of our later years considerably. (No experiments have yet been done on human subjects, and the hormone will be in short supply for some time, though a pharmaceutical house, Hoffmann-LaRoche, has enough faith in the hormone's potential to be working on methods for speeding up its production.)

Antioxidants and thymic hormones are only two of the many substances being evaluated on animals for their potential antiaging effects. Others include temperature-lowering drugs; L-dopa (originally developed as a treatment for Parkinsonism); and such categories of agents as cross-link inhibitors, lysosome-membrane stabilizers, and lipofuscin scavengers—all of which seem to hold real promise of dealing with specific "wear and tear" aspects of aging.

BUT ONE of the major themes of *Prolongevity* was that wear-and-tear phenomena are not necessarily the keys to aging. Rather, it seems probable that aging is genetically programmed, that we have ticking away within us a genetic "clock of aging" (perhaps more than one) that appears to dictate the sequence and roughly the rate at which our organisms will deteriorate (see "Are We Programmed to Die?" *SR*, October 2, 1976). More and more gerontologists, though still probably a minority of them, share this conviction.

It may be that only a small number of genes are involved in our programmed aging. A strong argument for this has been put forth by Dr. Richard G. Cutler, of the National Institute on Aging, and Dr. George A. Sacher, of the Argonne National Laboratory, and concurred in by Strehler. The argument, based on evolutionary theory, goes something like this: The present longevity of our species—two or three times greater than that of our prehominid ancestors—came about in a spectacularly short period of time evolutionarily speaking, perhaps in no more than a few million years. During this same brief period, what has been termed the "explosive growth" of our brain took place and we also acquired a prolonged period of infantile helplessness. The one development enabled us to evolve culture and the other, to pass it along to our offspring, thus allowing us to become creatures of both cultural and biological evolution. Cutler, Sacher, and Strehler all argue convincingly that for all this to have occurred in so short a time, only a very small number of mutant genes could have been involved.

It does make sense that a few gene changes could have remarkably widespread consequences. We know for instance that even a single gene defect causing a single cell abnormality can have devastating effects throughout an entire organism. It is not unreasonable then to imagine that a relatively few genes could program us to live longer and that a relatively few are involved in our present programmed aging.

For those who believe that the clock of aging is located in the DNA in each cell's nucleus (Hayflick is among those who espouse this view), it would thus appear possible to alter the clock by altering a few critical genes or gene clusters. Dr. Roy L. Walford, of UCLA, who favors the theory that aging is somehow bound to the decline of the immune system, has suggested that a likely candidate as a key control site of aging is the main histocompatibility complex (MHC), a gene system that regulates a number of immune functions and is located on a short stretch of a single chromosome. Indeed, several studies—published in *Nature*, in late 1977—indicate that Walford may well be right. And if it turns out that only a few gene sites are involved in dictating the aging process, the genetic engineers are learning so rapidly to transfer specific genes from one cell to another and from one organism to another that it is not absurd to speculate that they could one day reset our genetic clock of aging.

There is however another major theory about the clock of aging: that it is hormonal in nature and is located in the brain—specifically in that tiny region that houses the hypothalamus and pituitary, which govern the release of all hormones. If the clock is hormonal, the hormones still must act on individual cells of course, but it is now known that hormones are perfectly capable of triggering the turn-on and turn-off of genes in the nuclear DNA. And if the clock is hormonal, it can still be a genetic clock, since the cells that release the hormones must be programmed by their genes to do so—as is true of all cellular functions.

As one example of a hormonal clock of aging, we know that the Pacific salmon begins to age and die almost instantaneously after spawning. We also know that the process is triggered by a massive release of cortricosteroid hormones. It has now been demonstrated that removing the adrenal gland keeps the salmon from aging and dying on schedule.

The octopus is another sea creature that deteriorates and dies soon after spawning. In this case, the hormone is released by the optic gland. By removing the gland, Dr. Jerome Wodinsky, of Brandeis University, has been able to double the life-span of the female octopus.

In the case of the steelhead trout, which undergoes a similar fate, Dr. Edwin W. House, of Idaho State University, has zeroed in on the region of the hypothalamus and pituitary as the activation site of the fish's aging process. Could the same be true for mammals, including human beings—though aging occurs at a much statelier pace? A number of scientists think so.

The boldest theorist and researcher of this lot is Dr. W. Donner Denckla, who did most of his work at the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology before moving recently to Harvard's Thorndike Laboratories (from whence he must soon move again, alas, for lack of space). Denckla theorizes, based

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"In a RAND Corporation study, a sampling of scientific forecasters guessed that a 50-year increase in human longevity could be attained by the year 2020. Other surveys have come up with more conservative predictions."

on logic as well as on experiment, that the deteriorative changes of aging are actuated by a hormone (or family of hormones) that begins to be released by the pituitary at puberty. Others have characterized this as yet unfound hormone as the "aging" or "death" hormone, but Denckla prefers the more cautious, descriptive designation DECO (decreasing oxygen consumption). It has also been called the thyroid-blocking hormone, since it appears to work by preventing the cells' intake of thyroid hormone. Denckla has recently discovered that DECO also blocks the intake of the growth hormone. Working along these lines, he has brought up to a dozen the number of biochemical, metabolic, and immune functions he has been able to "restore to juvenile competence" in old rats.

Just as others have removed the adrenal gland of a salmon and the optic gland of an octopus, Denckla removes the pituitary of an older rat, thus theoretically preventing the release of any more DECO; he then supplies thyroid and other necessary hormones that the rat's body, in the absence of the pituitary, can no longer manufacture for itself. As a result, a host of functions, all the way from antibody production to fur growth, return to their youthful peak rate. Denckla believes he is also coming closer to extracting and purifying DECO—which would be the first concrete evidence of its existence—by the use of newly-worked-out techniques.

If Denckla does isolate, purify, and synthesize DECO and if it does turn out to be the clock-controlling hormone, what then?

One would look for a way to inhibit its release. Fanciful speculation? Of course. For now. But look at what happened in the case of the human growth hormone:

After it was isolated and synthesized, another related brain hormone, somatostatin, was discovered—which, among its other activities, inhibits the release of the growth hormone! Other scientists then proceeded, in record time, to synthesize the gene that contains the instructions for making somatostatin and now, as their latest feat, to transfer that gene to a laboratory bacterium so that somatostatin can be "manufactured" in tissue culture. In fact, about two gallons of the bacterial culture have produced a quantity of somatostatin that would formerly have required half a million sheep brains for its extraction! Few would have predicted a year and a half ago that we would have such powerful techniques in our hands so soon.

None of this means that the solution to aging will be found easily or that it will occur overnight. The same is true, as we know, of the cancer problem. Yet we proceed in the faith that the latter can be solved, that we can discover the cause of the malignant process and interfere with it, that we can successfully treat—and someday cure and prevent—cancer. There is no good reason why we should not take the same attitude toward aging; not death, mind you—since we would still die sooner or later—but aging. In fact, if we were to arrive at a solution to aging, it might well contain within it solutions to the problems of cancer and of the major degenerative diseases of old age—heart disease, atherosclerosis, stroke, diabetes, arthritis, senile dementia. Aging research could turn out to be the shortest route to these other solutions. Since we are far from certain that this is true, however, research on aging should in no sense replace the separate, ongoing quests for the individual answers.

Besides, we may need both kinds of answers. Diseases, just because they have similar symptoms and go by the same names, may not be the same entities in the young as in the old. There are early and late forms of heart disease, cancer, diabetes, arthritis, and dementia, and the therapies for the earlier occurring varieties may not prevent those that may show themselves as part of the organism's overall deterioration. Since we don't know these answers, we are well advised not to abandon any promising lines of research.

Many of our current life-prolonging (or rather, death-postponing) techniques are fantastically expensive—in time, money, personnel, resources, and physical and emotional anguish. They represent what the noted biologist Dr. Lewis Thomas has characterized as "halfway technology": the intensive care units; the complex heart surgery; the kidney dialysis machines; the cobalt bombs; the artificial respirators; the heart-lung machines; the hyperbaric chambers; the transplantation of organs; the implantation of artificial parts; the sophisticated, computerized, round-the-clock monitoring that seems to begin prenatally and that sometimes cannot even end postmortally without an ethical debate. If we are to overleap this no-win impasse, we need to push ahead to the "high technology" of cure and prevention.

NOT THE LEAST IMPORTANT of the pertinent happenings in gerontology in the past year and a half is that our new National Institute on Aging (NIA), officially established in 1974, has finally moved into high gear under the able directorship of Dr. Robert N. Butler. Though Butler is a behavioral rather than a biological gerontologist, he is fully cognizant of the biological potential. The NIA is unfortunately grossly underfunded for its task, which I suppose is to be expected for a "new baby." But its appropriation should be at least doubled before long if Butler is to carry out the NIA's research mandate without at the same time slighting the needs of those who are elderly now and entitled to the best we can do for them. Basic research in other fields will be equally important of course, since much of the relevant progress that will emerge will come from fields not specifically labeled "aging."

Which brings us back to where we began: to the question of the consequences of success. If aging research succeeds in even its more modest goal of adding many more high-quality years to the present life-span, the consequences will be profound. They will be economic, social, political, psychological, ethical, moral, philosophical, religious; they will be potentially good and bad; they will be far-reaching, and hardly any areas of our lives will remain unaffected. More and more people staying around for longer and longer periods of time immediately raises questions about pollution, overpopulation, and our planet's dwindling resources. Even a cursory look at the economic consequences evokes dilemmas in regard to retirement programs, insurance policies, social security benefits—all predicated on current life expectancy. However, things do not have to turn out as badly as they always seem to in the science-fiction scenarios.

When the credibility gap in regard to aging research has been bridged, when a reasonable understanding of the capabilities and the potential consequences is in hand, we can then decide which way to move. And move we must, of course, since the one decision we are not free to make in this dynamic life is to stand still. ◉

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And you can spend more time listening and less time fidgeting, thanks to memory Auto-Play and Rewind Auto-Play. That means the RS-631 will automatically rewind to the beginning of the tape, or to any preselected spot, and then play it back, automatically. There's also a timer standby mechanism for both unattended recording and playback with a timer.

The RS-631 also gives you the added convenience of vertical drive. So not only is it easy to load, it's also easy to see when your tape supply is running low. While a removable oil-damped door makes head cleaning and demagnetizing a simple job, instead of a difficult one.

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The RS-631. Its performance says a lot. Its price says even more.

*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

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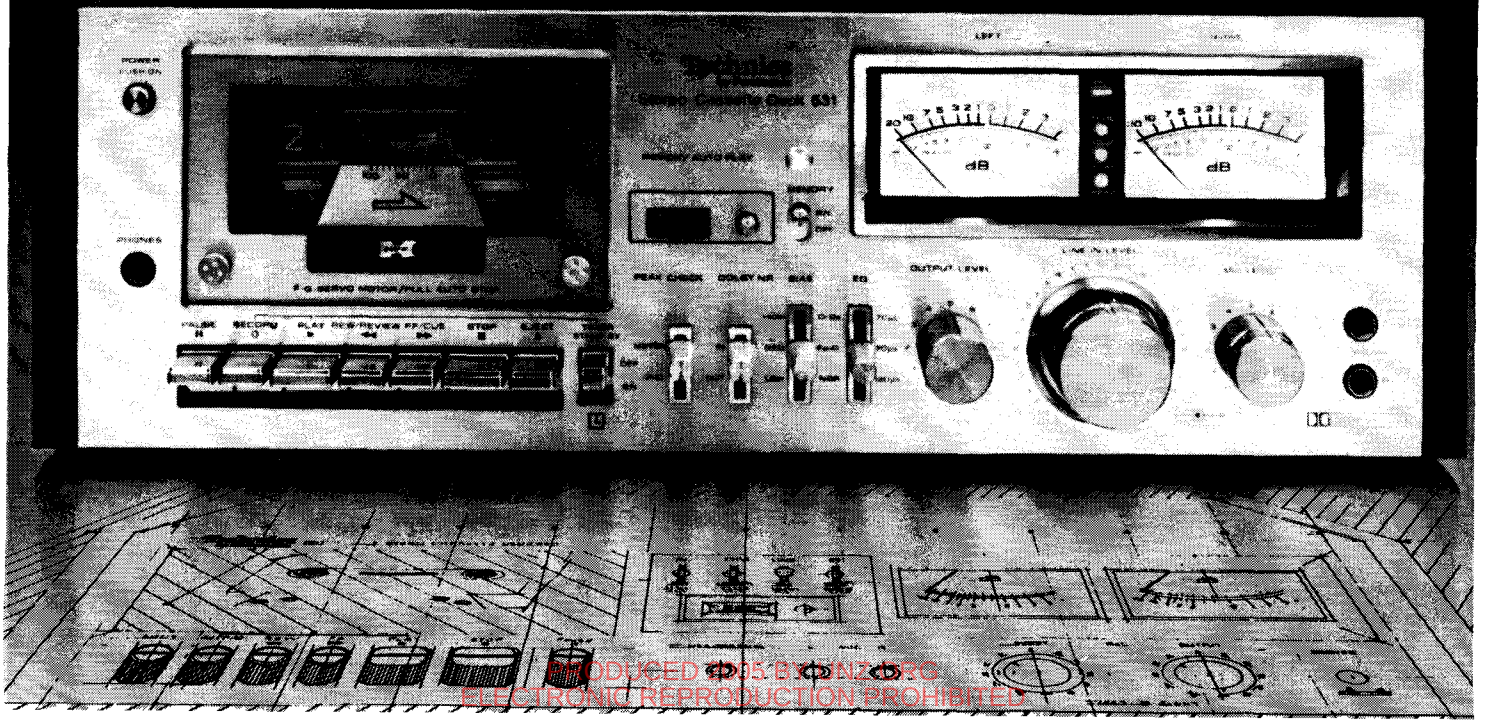

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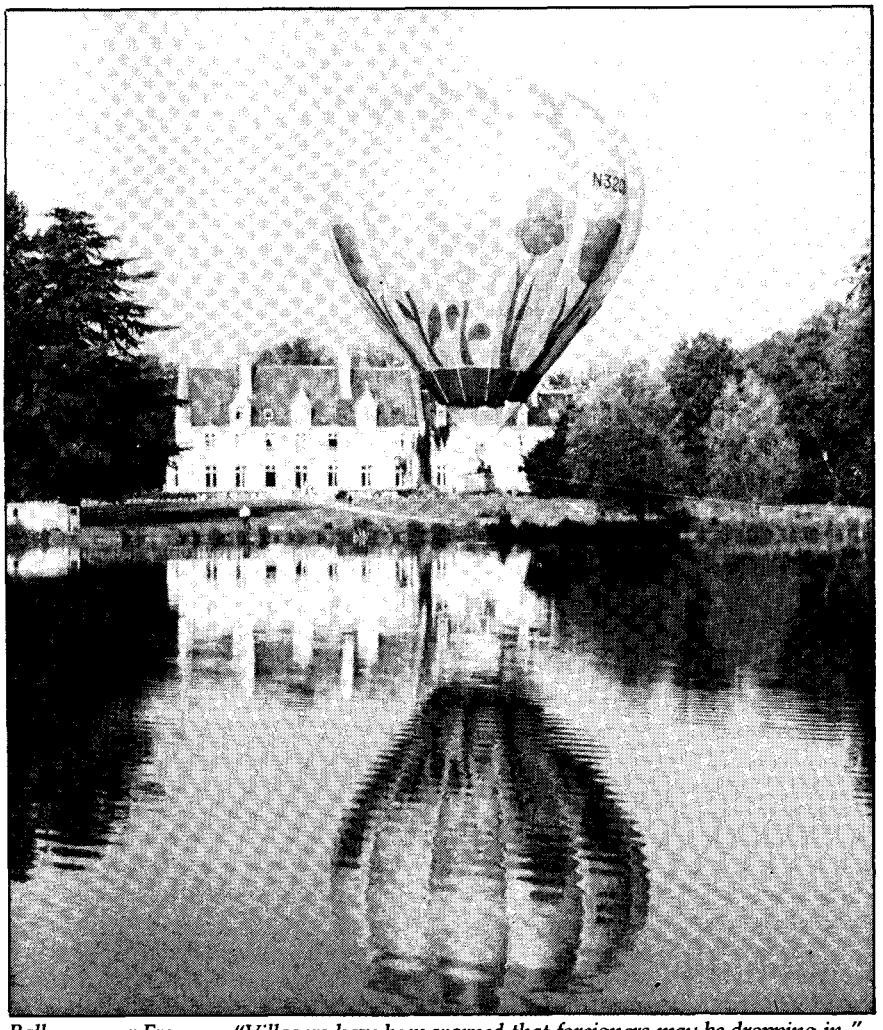
THE GILDED LIFE

Around the World in Luxury's Lap



Balloons over France—"Villagers have been warned that foreigners may be dropping in."

AT LEAST PART of the traveling world last year was defrilled, defancied, and Freddie Lakerized. Getting from here to there got down to the bare essentials—a seat, an engine, and up, up, and away. Meanwhile, on another part of the planet, there were planners who recognized the existence of a species of traveler who preferred to journey in a different way—in high style. While the Laker people were zipping to London, Laker-class, other money's-no-object travelers were booking space in balloons that would take them floating over French castles, reserving cabins in upholstered barges that would cruise Europe's canals. In the stately homes of Britain, the stately owners were hanging out rooms-to-let shingles, albeit at stately prices. And some of the world's wealthiest men were playing at the exciting game of innkeeping. Luxury style was making its way back to the sea-lanes, and soon there would be a superluxe sleeper train crossing from London to Venice, food and service by Cipriani's. The supertraveler can rent a private jet as if renting a Hertz car; sail into Dairen, in southern Manchuria, in a duplex suite; ride from Nairobi to Mombasa in the train built for the Prince of Wales in the Twenties. These and other confections of the sybarites—indeed, some words on the curious grape-nibbling existence of the original Sybarites appear too—are the nub of a portfolio on supertravel that begins overleaf. —HORACE SUTTON

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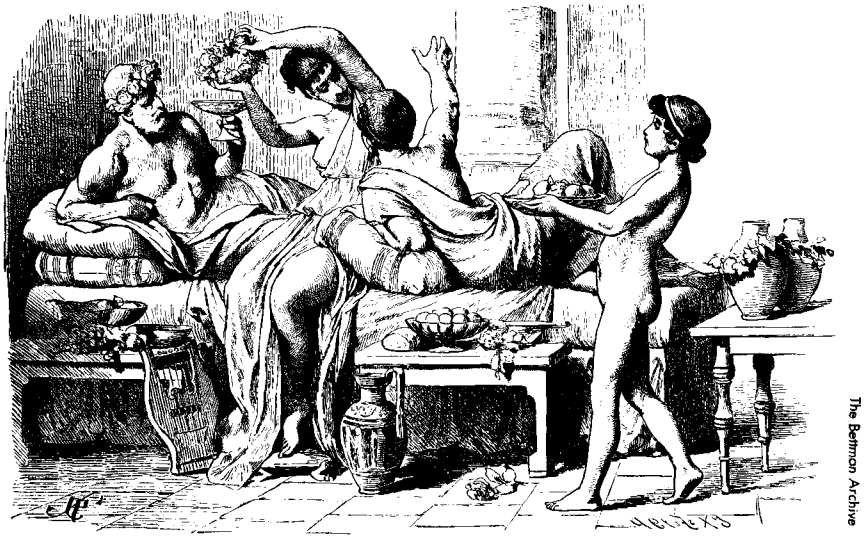
THE CITY THAT DANCED TO DESTRUCTION

by Herbert Siegel



The Bettmann Archive

Greeks at table—"The true Sybarite was a nouveau riche middleman with a warehouse."

NEARLY 2,500 YEARS AGO, in a warm and fertile plain located on the arch of the boot of Italy, the richest and most luxurious Greek city of the time abruptly met its end. Ancient authors claim that it actually danced to its destruction. This city was the infamous Sybaris, whose inhabitants were universally known for their opulence, wealth, and sensuality and whose name today remains a byword for extravagant and luxurious living. But who were these "beautiful people"? How did they acquire their great riches, and what were in fact the pleasures and self-indulgences for which they were famous?

Our sources, especially Athenaeus in his *Deipnosophistae*, relate many tales, often exaggerated, that give us some idea of how the Sybarites acquired their reputation. For example, the typical Sybarite rises in the evening. He has spent his day sleeping in a silver bed on a sponge mattress strewn with rose petals. His blankets and pillows are scented and perfumed. His day's sleep has been undisturbed by the crowing of cocks or by noisy laborers or craftsmen, for all these are banned by law from the city. When he arises, his portable silver chamber pot is brought to him. He is then bathed in his tub by servants who wear leg-irons to ensure their slow and careful movement in order not to scald their master by spilling the hot water they carry. After his bath, he enters a steam room—the first sauna in history—where a servant brings him a golden goblet of wine drawn from a pipe directly connected to the vats of the master's country estate. After his sauna, he is carefully depilated, and his skin is polished. His servants then dress him in a lavish yellow-and-red toga, which is bound by an elegant sash. His wife, equally fastidious, has mascara, powder, and rouge applied while her servants adjust her hairpiece (invented in Sybaris and not in Paris). She delights in a pair of fashionable high-heel cork shoes, which her husband has presented to her.

Sybarite and wife are preparing themselves for a party to which they have invited friends. The invitations went out a year in advance to give them and their guests time to ready themselves. One of their guests arrives early, accompanied by a hundred of his own servants. His Milesian coat, which is rumored to cost 120 talents—about $250,000—is taken from him as he enters. He has just come from his country estate and tells his host how fatigued he is from having spent the last few hours watching his slaves at work. His host complains that he is tired just hearing about these laborers, and besides, his own day's sleep was disturbed by an ignorant slave who had strewn dried and crumpled rose petals, rather than fresh ones, on his bed.

Other guests soon arrive. They are all anxiously awaiting dinner, for their host's chef has twice before been publicly awarded wreaths of gold for his cooking, and his recipes granted copyrights under Sybaritic law. One guest who boasts of never having seen the daylight for 20 years listens to a friend who has just returned from a trip to Sparta. The traveler has had a revelation. Now he understands why the Spartans are so fearless in war. After one has sampled their dinner, one sees why they are so willing to die in battle.

The feast begins, and all the reclining guests are crowned with golden tiaras that they will later take home as sou-

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venirs. Their wine cups are filled, and then an endless line of waiters files to the table, bringing ringdoves, partridges, hares, young goats, ducks, and pigeons on gold and silver platters. The wine cups are refilled, and the first battery of flute girls and naked dancers acting the roles of nereids and nymphs enters the hall to entertain. The tiaras are now exchanged for wreaths made of fresh flowers, and other girls carry in golden jars of perfume with which guests are doused.

Suddenly the blast of a trumpet announces the arrival of the chef d'oeuvre, an enormous pig that is split open, revealing thrushes, ducks, and warblers roasted inside, with mashed peas poured over eggs, oysters, and scallops. Larger wine cups are now filled; more perfume is brought in; and troupes of clowns, ithyphallic dancers, female jugglers, tumblers, fire-eaters, dwarfs, monkeys, and freaks enter. The music grows louder as boar and baked fish are also carried in.

To the accompaniment of a chorus of 100 singing slaves, huge six-pint bowls of precious Thasian wine are drunk by each guest. At this point, dessert is served. Dinner comes to an end. Now the slaves of the guests collect almost all the dinnerware, cups and plates on which their masters have supped, for these are gifts from the host. The banqueters themselves arise, and many, despite the quantity of wine they have drunk, are quite sober. They are apprehensive for the safety of their newly acquired additional wealth. They return home thinking of all the new houses, lands, and slaves they will buy. Those who are not so sober go off to enjoy other pleasures.

ASIDE FROM ATTENDING one another's parties, how did the Sybarites acquire their wealth? How did this notoriously indolent society of gourmands and sensualists support itself?

Sybaris was founded in 720 B.C. by a group of Achaeans and Troezenians in a plain that enjoyed an advantageous geographic position. The city, located on the Gulf of Taranto, was the starting point for the shipment of goods overland from the Ionian Sea to the Tyrrhenian Sea by the shortest distance. Ships sailing from Asia Minor or from Athens or Corinth with goods destined for the wealthy cities of Magna Graecia or of the Etruscans, on the western coast of Italy, would land at Sybaris rather than make the longer and more dangerous trip around Sicily or through the Strait of Messina. Thus Sybaris became an entrepôt for goods shipped from the East to the West. The rich countryside and easy terms of citizenship as well as the lure of money easily acquired drew literally thousands of immigrants to its shore. Eventually, the population reached nearly 500,000 inhabitants, an incredible number for any ancient city. Yet most of these people were slaves. Many citizens owned hundreds of slaves, and one was in fact reputed to possess as many as 3,000.

The true Sybarite was a nouveau riche middleman with an enormous warehouse. There is no record of a Sybarite ever having become an artist, a sculptor, a writer, or a philosopher; and no lawyer or medical doctor was ever trained in Sybaris. All artists and professionals were imported. Thus these Sybarites were not only physically indolent and slothful but also intellectually lazy. The fact is that they had others do everything for them. Nevertheless, the Sybarites were clever businessmen, and after having won only once in 200 years at the sacred Olympic games, they organized and set up their own games in competition with those at Olympia, offering cash prizes instead of laurel wreaths. The games at Sybaris attracted large crowds, and thus the Sybarites introduced into Western civilization the concept of the professional athlete.

Throughout their history, the Sybarites tried the patience of the gods. When the city was founded, it was accompanied by an act of impiety. The Achaeans expelled their cofounders and brother Greeks, the Troezenians. This was followed by the sacrilegious institution of the Sybarite games. The Sybarites, however, felt protected, for they had once received an oracle telling them they would live forever in abundance were they never to hold a man in greater reverence than a god. Some say that this oracle provoked them to greater luxury, for the Sybarites saw nothing wrong in a life of total sensual abandon; the envy and jealousy of the gods could never descend upon them so long as they honored the gods more than men. Nevertheless, the destruction of their city was signaled in this very simple way.

A man who was whipping his slave continued to do so although the slave had taken sanctuary in a temple; but when the slave fled to the tomb of his master's father, the master stopped beating him. This was thought to be in violation of the warning of the oracle—the master had shown more honor to the memory of his father than to the gods.

Sybaris soon fell. A group of citizens under the leadership of a man named Telys overthrew the oligarchic regime. The oligarchs fled to the nearby city of Croton and were granted asylum. But the Sybarites demanded the return of their citizens. The Crotoniates, under the advice of the famous philosopher Pythagoras, refused this request and sent 30 ambassadors to Sybaris to inform its people of their decision. These ambassadors, protected by sacred law, were nonetheless seized and beheaded. The temple of Hera, in Sybaris, gushed a river of blood. War was unavoidable.

The enemy troops were marshaled and arrayed against each other on a great plain. The Sybarite cavalry was preparing to attack when something bizarre occurred. Crotoniate intelligence forces had acquired military information of a sort that has not found and probably never will find its parallel in the history of warfare. It was a well-known fact that the Sybarites had for their amusement trained their horses to dance to music. The Crotoniates found out through a deserter what those tunes were. Thus as the Sybarite cavalry charged, instead of a force of enemy horsemen, they found facing them the Crotoniate wind ensemble playing a version of the Sybarite "Lipizzan waltz." The obedient horses, rearing on their hind legs, danced upon and over the Sybarite foot soldiers, who were thrown into confusion and panic. As a result, the Crotoniates took the day and laid siege to Sybaris, which soon fell. All who were captured were killed, and the city was burned and looted. Then it was razed to the ground, and the Crotoniates diverted the nearby river Crathis, inundating and obliterating Sybaris. It appears as if the Crotoniates were intent on washing away the sins of this city.

Thus in 510 B.C., Sybaris, the legendary city, fell. What was left was the memory and the reputation. Here in a settlement between two rivers, on a plain aglow with wheat and filled with wildlife, the jeunesse dorée after reveling all night was so keyed up there was no sleep. They trooped off to the grottoes of the nymphs by the nearby river Lusias to cool their ardor. Overlord to no less than 25 other cities in southern Italy, Sybaris became synonymous with wealth, indolence, hyperbole, impiety, and hubris. But ultimately, the totally luxurious life, insouciant and fantastic, is forever only a dream. ◉

Herbert Siegel, Ph.D., who has taught classics in the City University of New York, now lectures at Hunter College and at the College of New Rochelle.

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STALKING THE WILD ARISTOCRACY

by James Traub

WHEN THE POSSIBILITY of spending a weekend at an English castle first suggested itself, I walked around New York with a bundle of images from *My Fair Lady* and Dickens's novels thronging to mind. How well we all know the English aristocracy: a race of doddering great-uncles pickled in Victorian spirits. Perpetually declining, they hold down the crumbling fortress of Good Manners with the scanty armor of kid gloves and dinner jackets and elongated vowels. They're elaborately meticulous in a world where everything has gone slapdash. They're paralyzed by propriety and devitalized by decency. I braced myself for a visit to The Wax Museum: I was careful to pack my suitcase neatly so that the butler wouldn't be offended when he hung up my things.

It didn't take long to purge the film from my eyes. I arrived at Rotherfield Park, a neo-Gothic castle 50 miles southwest of London, late one Saturday afternoon. Five hours after my arrival, my host, fifty-six-year-old Sir James Walter Scott, and I, sitting on a couch before the television set in the midst of the family, had fallen into a drunken stupor. At least mine was drunken; Sir James's may have been fatigue abetted by wine: two double Scotches with the kids at the White Horse Inn, followed by three or four infusions from a bottle of white wine with which Sir James probably waters the plants and rinses the walls of the castle, followed by red wine with dinner, capped off by about six inches of port. By 10:30 we were both shipping water. But Sir James proved a dauntless host: When we awoke, his first words were, "What else may I get you? Some more port, perhaps? Some brandy?"

Not very stiff upper lip, what? But it gets worse: The Scotts had no butler to unpack my bags or to snort at my bad manners. Nor had they a valet, nor a livery boy, nor a scullery maid, nor any of the exotic species of domestics featured on imported British television series. Able-bodied young Charles, home for the Easter holidays, toted my bags upstairs. And I had obviously packed the wrong archetypes. Sir James, for example, cooperated so far as to wear tweeds, but his mufti had clearly weathered a great many campaigns, being sorely rumpled at the ankles and sadly limp at the shoulders. He had worn them to the steeplechase Saturday afternoon; he had worn them to Easter services the next morning; and unless they've been retired to some Tweed Hall of Fame, he's probably wearing them right now. Sir James himself—known to his sons as "The Colonel," in mock deference to his distinguished military career with The Empire That Was—is short and wiry, with a boar-bristle moustache and a swollen, flaming red nose. What with his irrepressible good cheer, his eager, high-stepping walk, his habit of speaking in rapid barks, and that snaffling nose, Sir James resembles nothing more than one of his retrievers. Happy the man whose wish and care a few hundred paternal acres bound...

British Tourist Association

Sir James and castle—"Weathered mufti."

If the Scotts, to my great delight, failed to fill the mythological bill, their stately home more than made up for the lapse. Rotherfield Park is situated at the brow of a hill, from which it suddenly rises like an island in a sea of tranquil pastureland. Built in 1821, by which time the neoclassical taste for balance had given way to a passion for striking effects, the castle is endowed with all the Gothic eccentricity demanded by the "picturesque" sensibility: Two flint-stone towers, one square and one round, sit at the back of the castle like a pair of chess pieces waiting to be deployed; a cupola crowns the western edge, as if a Russian Orthodox church were packed away inside; and behind it, as if to prove the point, comes a row of cloisters. The fortifications, of course, have seen neither grapeshot nor cannonry; nor have the stones of the cloisters echoed to a monk's plaintive *ave*. But then, what's the difference between house and castle, save the sense of history? Even artificial history.

The estate rolls off gently in every direction, dotted with beech and chestnut and oak. Horses nose indolently at the rich pastureland. Behind

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the house, near the croquet field, lies a patch of hedged-in grass, which, Cousin Minnie assured me, is a "magic circle," where the ancestry gathers at night for the purposes of entertainment and general hobnobbing. The village of East Tisted lies at the foot of the estate. Beyond the rough-stone village church, where the parishioners perfunctorily dispense with their religious duties, the village twists away in a scattering of thatched cottages nestling behind ancient flint-stone walls. Cows munch and stare, and munch and dream. If you wanted to fall asleep for a century or two, East Tisted would be just the place to plump your pillow.

Within the castle, the rooms are high and airy and immense; bay windows usher in what sliver of sunlight the grumpy English weather provides. The furniture is old and solid but also nonchalant and somewhat rumpled, a bit like Sir James himself. After a few minutes in a fine old easy chair, you find yourself gradually listing to starboard. The bedroom where I was quartered features a magnificent four-poster bed with spiral columns and an embroidered Kashmiri spread and canopy. Bay windows cover an entire wall, while a sink, oddly enough, juts out from an adjacent wall—a relic, explained young Charles, "from the days when running water was all the rage." The walls everywhere are lined with dark paintings of relations, scenes of Venice, and Dutch genre subjects. Along with this mandatory collection of canvas goes an equally obligatory mess of marble, including busts of Wellington, who is distantly related; Napoleon, who is avoiding his conqueror's steadfast gaze; statesman Charles James Fox; and Pitt—Sir James wasn't sure which one. Also entailed upon the present family of Scotts have been a vast library, leaving unread military histories and French novels sprinkled all over the house; chinoiserie, including splendid vases, figurines, and cabinets; and plate ware, housed and labeled in two glass showcases in the foyer. The high-class flotsam is as superfluous as the castle's late-Victorian fortifications, but history must be served. The Scotts take it all very well, living alongside this reliquary in a state of benign neglect.

BENIGNITY is the ruling quality of the Scott household. They enjoy a serenity that must be the ultimate benefit of inherited wealth. Everyone seems to agree on the fundamentals, so arguments don't swing much weight. Of course, since they were far too considerate to argue before a guest, I can't be sure. But conversation as a rule steered clear of controversy. In fact, we were generally too busy eating and drinking to sustain much consecutive conversation at all: During my 24-hour stay, I was provided with three meals, two teas, and at least three bouts of cocktails. Outside of attending church Sunday morning, we did nothing save eat, drink, and chat. Occasionally we ate, drank, and talked in different venues; at the White Horse Inn I was regaled with the story of Charles's fateful attempt to down all 20 varieties of fruit and flower wines—including elderberry, dandelion, cowslip, and the enigmatic "King Fergus Mac"—listed on the White Horse bill of fare. Though he swallowed them all, Charles failed his ultimate goal of reaching bed under his own locomotion by passing out on the front steps.

On Easter Sunday we attended a lawn party given by Lady Scott's mother, a somewhat palsied, baffled old lady who clutched a wrinkled guest list in her hand and sported ankle-high, elasticized black slippers. She smiled nervously while frocked and tweedy children jetted around her legs, scavenging Easter eggs like so many truffle pigs.

Talk, in any case, revolved around horses and hunting and sculls, and food and drink, and a number of other topics not conducive to dispute. The whole thing had to it an aspect of Paradise, where Man lives in harmony with Nature and nobody gets hot under the collar.

But the Scotts worried about me a great deal. They felt that they had not fulfilled my expectations, not having a butler and all. In order to remedy this shortcoming, and perhaps to throw attention away from themselves, they introduced me to a number of Typical Englishmen. After Sunday services, they trundled in Sir James's brother, the aptly named Uncle Sam, who represented the category of Reactionary Soapbox Pamphleteer. Uncle Sam was brought in like a trained gorrilla, to beat his chest and roar; he had been instructed beforehand to be on his worst behavior. And he rose to the occasion. First, he gave me a packet of his leaflets, for purposes of domestic distribution. "For our children's children's sake," read one printed in red capitals, "we shall 'see off the reds in 'seventy-seven.' We shall 'cut them down and hang them up to dry.'" That sort of thing. A snippet of Uncle Sam's conversation, which was conducted in a bellow and could not be easily interrupted, since his ears seemed to

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have atrophied from disuse, sounded something like this: "It's jolly clear to most of us what the Russians are doing down in Africa. Moving on in, that's what! Don't tell me you don't already know it. You Americans just sit back and watch it happen; you send in your bloody Andrew Young. A well-known Marxist, Andrew Young. You know that, don't you? What's that? Proof? Why, the gentleman I spoke with had returned directly from ten weeks in South Africa. Who'd know, if not him?" When finally pried loose from me, Uncle Sam fixed me with his best squint and said, "You are the first American to the left of me I've ever met." How he divined anything about my own ideology I'm at a loss to explain.

Uncle Sam notwithstanding, the Scotts have a bit more reflexive noblesse than they may care to admit. Lady Scott sinks slowly into a sofa with the grace of generations of correctness. Charles, at twenty-three the second eldest of the family, practices a kind of satirical foppishness. Fancying himself an arbiter of good taste—taste being about the most substantial article of knowledge with which the graduate of Cambridge or Oxford will be inevitably endowed—Charles is careful at the same time to spoof his own fastidiousness by way of hyperbole. Pushing himself back from the table in a froth of horror, he said to his sister, "My God, Susannah, you wield that knife and fork like a barbarian! Hasn't anyone ever taught you the proper manner of eating?"

In order to remedy her defective education, Charles proceeded to surround his sister and help her ply her silverware through the quenelles. When it came time to polish off the port, Charles scrutinized his glass and announced, "See here, Colonel, you've absolutely botched your twenty-five-year-old port! Just look at all of these filthy grains floating around here." Sir James, who genially permits his children to run roughshod over him, immediately capitulated.

But the Scotts really tip their hand when it comes to God and country. The need to defend all those collections and titles and history has imparted to the family a genetic Toryism that, along with the diffident but unflinching satisfaction of their responsibilities toward the world's least-born-again religion, constitutes the backbone of the country squirearchy. The Scotts are easily scandalized. When I seemed to be wavering on the subject of religion, Lady Scott said, with a hopeful, persuasive smile, "But I suppose that you practice your religion regularly?" I replied that I did not even believe in a deity. Lady Scott, quite sure that she had heard me wrong, redoubled the hopefulness of her smile and asked, "But surely you believe in God?" Charles, embarrassed by his mother's narrowness, trumpeted, "Come now, Mother! You know that many people don't believe in God."

But 15 minutes later, after the conversation had turned to politics, Charles, having confirmed the Colonel's observation that "those Bolshies hate us and all we stand for. They'd string us up if they could," began to fear that my heterodoxy extended into the realms of human, and not only transcendental, affairs. With the exaggerated nonchalance that he donned whenever he felt a bit apprehensive, which was rare, Charles said, "But am I to suppose that you're a lefty?" Lady Scott might have evened the score there, but good manners forbade. And good manners, let us not forget, good manners in the sense of laboring subtly to increase the happiness of those around you, are still the imprimatur of the British spirit. ◉

James Traub, a New York editor and writer, invaded the precincts of British aristocracy (where rooms can often be rented) at the request of Saturday Review.

To the Manor Borne

AS ANY lord, duke, baron, earl, or squire of the manor will affirm, the cost of maintaining a stately home has risen to stately proportions. Like many a homeowner with an extra room and a paucity of cash, the peers of Britain have put up rooms-to-let signs, inviting boarders to stay at their centuries-old estates—for a fee.

Most lordly abodes accepting boarders list themselves with agencies through which a booking may be made. Some 300 country homes, castles, and abbeys are listed by R and I Tours, Ltd., Country Homes and Castles, 138a Piccadilly, London W1V9FH. This agency divides its listings into three categories: country manor houses and cottages; houses and castles of historical interest; and those, it says, that are "some of the most outstanding houses in the land." Dinner, lodging, and English breakfast can cost anywhere from $75 to $145 a couple per day.

Twenty-five luxury country homes and estates are being booked by Inquiline, Box 208, Katonah, New York 10536. Its bookings range from $145 to $300 a day, including cocktails with the host and dinner, lodging, and breakfast. Home from Home in England, The Old Rectory, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 3HZ, England, lists homes in several categories, with prices from $24 per person per week, bed and breakfast only, to $120 per person per week, with bed and breakfast. Meals must be taken outside the home.

A British houseguest program is also run by two women, one based in Britain, the other, in America. Inquiries can be made to Janet Morton, P. O. Box 635, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021. Prices here run from $14 per person to $24.50 per person, bed and English breakfast included.

Some manor houses have swimming pools, tennis courts, and facilities for fishing, riding, and hunting—even fox hunting.

Direct inquiries are accepted by the Marquis and the Marchioness of Tavistock, who will rent quarters in Woburn Abbey, an estate with 100 rooms and 13 lakes. Stately cost here: $285 for bed and breakfast, plus a 12.5 percent service fee. For an extra $50, the Tavistocks will throw in lunch in a state dining room and a personal tour of the Abbey. Write Secretary, Woburn Abbey, Flitwick, Bedfordshire, England.

The Baroness Killearn will take visitors at $50 a day plus 10 percent service at Haremere Hall, an early-seventeenth-century manor house that offers trout fishing and roe stalking (only in season, of course) as well as tennis, swimming, and croquet. Write Brian Soppitt, Esq., Manager to Baroness Killearn, Haremere Hall, Etchingham, East Sussex, England.

—SUSAN OCHSHORN

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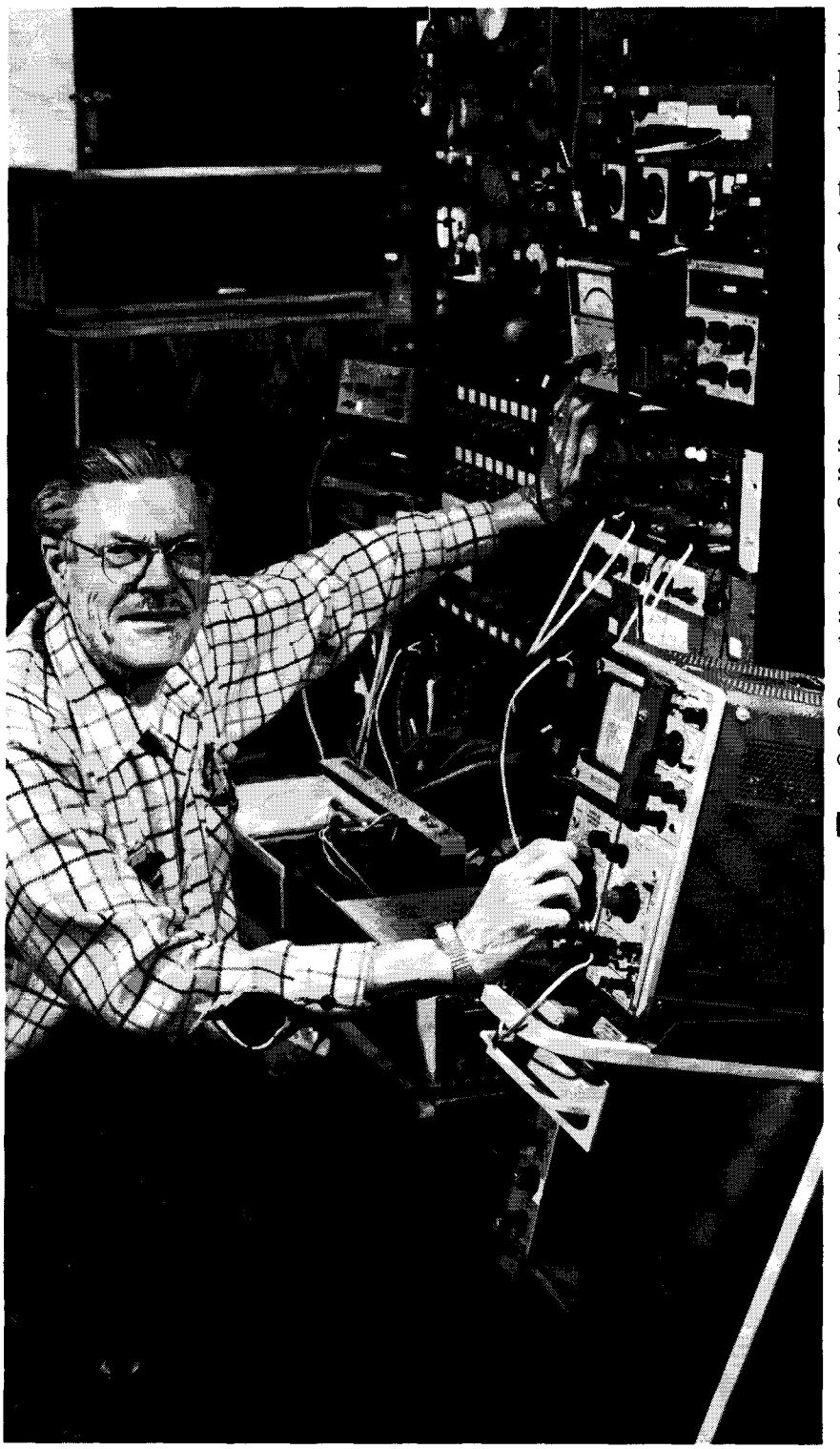
LISTEN.



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A HOTEL WORTH THE TRIP

by Neil Morgan

I HAVE IT on the impeccable word of a London friend that when he came to call for me at nine one morning at the Connaught Hotel, the hall porter demurred. "I'm afraid we haven't yet heard from Mr. Morgan today," he told my friend. "And as you may know, he prefers to awaken naturally."

Veterans who know their Connaught guests as well as they know their London, hall porters named John and Michael and Jerry work their magic in a cluttered redoubt beneath the vast mahogany stairwell, helping to make the Connaught like the more cheerful London club to which we all might wish to belong. A late Victorian brick-front tucked inconspicuously between Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square, the Connaught offers about 100 rooms, comfortable but ordinary, and an extraordinary staff of about 300. To me it seems the only remaining hotel worth the trip for the hotel alone.

The French achieve purer elegance, the Americans and Swiss are cleverer at convenience; but the Connaught provides humane concern that pampers body and mind. Service here involves wit and flair, not rote. Hedonism manages a reasonable, egalitarian overtone.

Once a year or so, my wife and I arrive at the Connaught jet lagged and bleary ("Don't bother to sign in, sir, unless you've moved") and are put to bed by the fifth-floor waitress, Charlotte Sargent, whose domain has been refined over 21 years into something like a duchy.

"We'll turn your covers down," she says, closing the drapes against the dawn, "and draw your baths. Then you hop into bed, and I'll bring croissants and marmalade and tea. By afternoon you'll be good as new."

When I awake naturally another morning and ring for Charlotte, she presses newspapers and fresh juice into my hands ("'Ere's your pint"), and if I can manage to ask if she is well, she responds cheerily, "Oh, yes, you can't always go by looks." She frowns at our tumble of books and parcels and orders in a Louis XV drop-leaf from the museum that lines the Connaught's wide hallways.

A slight woman born in 1893 still works among Connaught linens, including the bedside foot mats embroidered in blue to read GOOD MORNING and GOOD NIGHT. Such veteran staff are regarded with awe and affection by management and guests. They are neither servile nor ostentatious. They keep young staff up to scratch. They fret if regulars fail to reappear. For the guest, it is like coming home to a favorite aunt or uncle.

Downstairs in the labyrinth of kitchens, where 45 cooks serve him, French chef Michel Bourdin provides one of the two or three best tables in Britain. Paolo Zago, the general manager, feigns distress at the cost of Bourdin's weekly consignments of fresh truffles and pâté de foie gras. Lockers hold the best Scottish beef trucked down each Sunday from Aberdeen and choice lamb from Kent. For dressed woodcock, pheasant, and partridge, there is another walk-in. On one cooler shelf are found only quail's eggs, to be served with creamed mushrooms and hollandaise on flaky pastry *barquettes*.

My favorite dining room of the world is the Connaught Grill, a quiet corner in restful greens that accommodates no more than 11 tables and 40 guests. Until his recent death, the Grill had been the intimate enclave of Thomas Simmons, a gentle man with silvery hair and voice. One evening, when he was sparkling with pleasure at devising a picnic hamper for us to take next day on the boat train, I asked how long he had been in the Grill.

"More than twenty-five years, sir," he said.

"And before that?"

"In the Restaurant, sir," he said, nodding toward the hotel dining room a few feet away.

The tone and continuity of the Connaught were set by the late Rudolph Richard, who took over an ailing hotel in 1935, banned photographers and the press, and built the reputation of a hotel difficult to get into. More of its staff these days are foreign; even the general manager is Italian. But standards have held remarkably well. A friend at the British Tourist Authority, who confesses he's never been able to book a guest into the Connaught, speculates that he may have stumbled on something: "One makes certain to have a dog barking in the background when one telephones the Connaught so as to allay any fears that some wretched agent may be involved."

Over the years, I have been welcome at the Connaught, but with an asterisk; I am known as a journalist, and when professional habit drives me beyond the guest's role to probe some facet of the Connaught's inner life, even the manager may arrange to be called away in a flurry of apologies. Before I understood this, I explained one day that I come from a nation where even the finest hoteliers encourage testimonials.

"That's just it," I was told. "We avoid that kind of thing. Our guests simply would not approve. We are committed to protect their privacy."

Some of us are, of course, more private than others. One day last winter, Alistair Cooke nodded vaguely from the next table in the Connaught Restaurant. David Niven, in V-neck cashmere and open collar, was alone in the library among bound copies of *Punch* and *Country Life* and *Spectator* that date to 1828. But he stood at a window, watching the Connaught doorman as he deftly intercepted a passing cab.

"Isn't it remarkable," Niven said, without turning, "he never uses a whistle." ◉

Neil Morgan is associate editor of the San Diego Evening Tribune. *His travel column is syndicated by Copley News Service.*

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THE MOST MONEYED RESORT IN THE WORLD

by Caskie Stinnett

IN THE Hotel Cala di Volpe, on Sardinia's Costa Smeralda, there is a three-bedroom suite that anyone can rent—providing one books well in advance—for $1,000 a day. Bargains don't lie around long in this part of the world, and by March of this year the suite had already been grabbed for 45 days of the summer season of 1978. By the time you read this, it will probably be booked solid, and disconsolate latecomers will have to soothe themselves by taking a small villa at the neighboring Hotel Pitrizza for $800 a day. However, one should be warned that this does not include transportation from the airport, which is $2.50. You can't expect the Aga Khan to throw in a lot of extras at these rates.

Is there money of this kind still available for playtime activities in a world beset by the woes of inflation, wild currency fluctuation, energy crises, and political turbulence, especially in Italy, of which Sardinia is a component? Well, last summer the three Costa Smeralda hotels had to turn away 2,500 guests badly in need of shelter; and although the local marina has facilities for berthing 494 yachts up to 350 tons each, a large number—including the Onassis yacht—had to anchor in the bay, and some 700 others were forced to seek out less fashionable waters. Things were tough.

The Costa Smeralda, in case there is anyone around who may not know about it, is the 35-mile stretch of coastline on the northeast corner of Sardinia, a littoral blessed with emerald-green water, rocky inlets, hidden beaches, and protected coves. It possesses just about everything the playful heart could yearn for or, as the Costa Smeralda developers themselves put it—bluntly perhaps—it is the place "chosen by people who have the world to choose from."

Slim Aarons

Yachting on Mortorio Island, Costa Smeralda—"More commonplace than Volkswagens."

Sardinia itself isn't particularly attractive. A large, pastoral island of high, rocky escarpments and remote valleys, it was for years the domain of sheep and bandits, both of which did well in the tangled scrubland. Now the whole island is changing, with wool and ransom giving way to international tourism or, as one cynical Sardinian put it, "Why shear sheep when a tourist is much easier fleeced?" It's a good question. But although hotels are going up all over the northern half of the island, the Costa Smeralda complex remains the centerpiece of the grand tourist movement. This is the jewel, the true gem; the others are copies.

Yachts are more commonplace than Volkswagens at Porto Cervo—the center court, so to speak, of Costa Smeralda—but some eyebrows elevated slightly last summer when a yacht arrived with a tender of such grand proportions that it was itself a small yacht. It was followed a short time later by a yacht with an enormous tender and a Lancia sports car. The Lancia was swung over the side and used for buzzing around the hills and for trips to the Pevero Golf Club.

Now, the staffs of the hotels are astonished at nothing. They felt they had seen everything when a yacht arrived complete with deluxe tender, sports car, *and helicopter* lashed to the forward deck. And for some time, the managers of the hotels were a bit surprised when, slightly before the summer season

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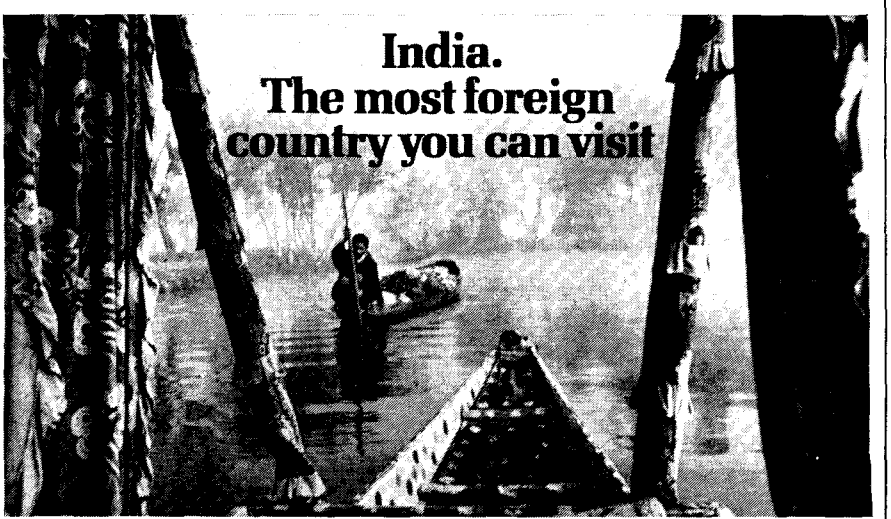

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opened, the hotels would fill up unaccountably with tanned, handsome men who stayed only a day or two and then disappeared. Now they are recognized as captains of yachts, who are flown in by their patrons to check the entrance to the harbor and the facilities for berthing before final plans are laid for the summer.

The three hotels of Costa Smeralda constitute what is—at this moment, anyway—the most luxurious, the most exclusive, and the most moneyed resort in the world. There seems to be no doubt about that. During July and August, there is assembled on this strand such a collection of Europe's titled aristocracy, American and Greek millionaires, international financiers, film stars, high-class German, French, and Belgian hookers masquerading as film stars, oil sheikhs, social climbers, and soldiers of fortune as to cause one to shake one's head in disbelief. Even in the great days of Cannes, Antibes, Monte Carlo, and Capri, there was never anything like this.

This manufactured Riviera had its beginning 15 years ago when Karim, the present Aga Khan, and a few of his friends formed Consorzio Costa Smeralda (they thought up the name for the deserted coastline) and started work on the village and hotel to be called Porto Cervo. Karim had first come upon the area years before, when he had visited the villa of his grandfather, the elder Aga Khan, at Cala di Volpe. Across the bay was a point of land owned by the Guinness family, and Karim's mother was a Guinness.

It was perhaps natural that, impressed by early memories of the place, he would turn to it when he and his friends decided to build summer retreats along the coast. Here they could avoid the crowds that were swarming over the other fashionable Mediterranean resorts. But once the building started, it got out of hand, and soon the decision was reached to create another resort, one that would appeal to those who shared the tastes and means of its creators. Land was sold off for private villas, and the village of Porto Cervo was built. It now consists of a few restaurants, some shops, some banks, a post office, a supermarket, an airline office, a tennis club, and the hotel, all grouped around the piazza. A marina and a yacht club are located around the bend in an adjoining bay.

There remained the problem of how to get there, and to solve that, the airline Alisarda was formed by the Consorzio. When dishes and ceramic ware were needed, a ceramic manufacturing

Continued on page 29

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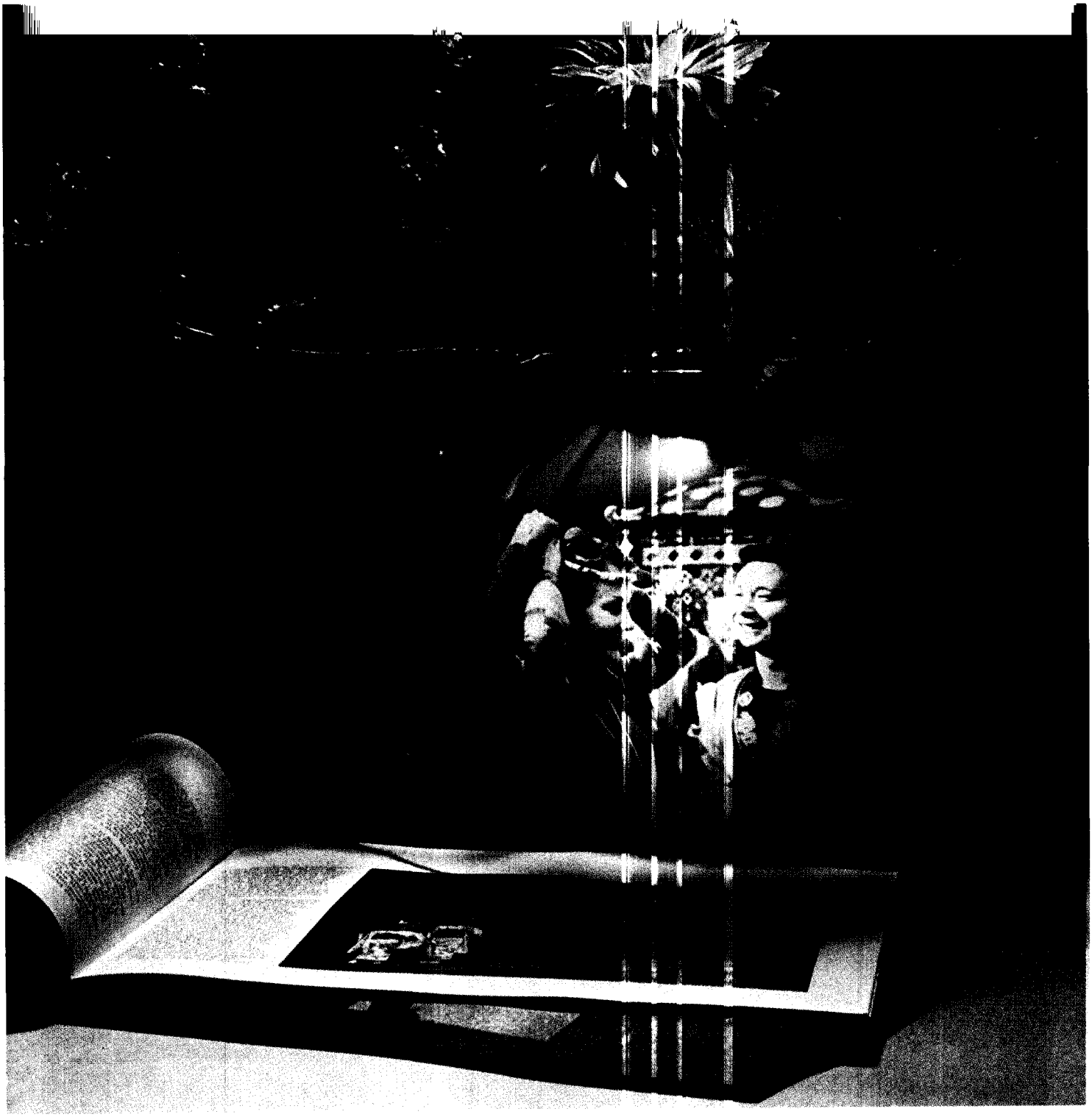

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Moneyed Resort *from page 26*

company named Cerasada was formed.

The Consorzio now owns and operates seven separate companies: Alisarda; Cerasarda; the marina and *Cantiere Navale;* the three hotels; the clubs (Pevero Golf Club, Cervo Tennis Club, Costa Smeralda Yacht Club); the Agenzia Immobiliare (real estate agency); and the Affitti e Gestione Immobili, which rents private villas and apartments. A development plan extending over a period of 35 years was mapped out; there is still another 20 years of construction to go.

THE THREE HOTELS now being operated by the Consorzio on the Costa Smeralda are as different from one another as they could possibly be. Hotel Cervo is fairly modest in appearance, relatively small but nice, a cluster of low buildings looping around a patio containing a pool and an outdoor café. The Hotel Cala di Volpe, which incorporates the original villa of Karim's grandfather, lies on the edge of the blue Bay of Foxes (the English translation of Cala di Volpe) and is slightly Moorish in style but otherwise difficult to describe. It's distinctive; let's leave it at that. It is luxurious in every respect, and while Karim and the Consorzio have been concentrating their attention around Porto Cervo, this summer they intend to shift interest to Cala di Volpe and start developing more villas and tourist facilities in that area.

The Hotel Pitrizza is the most private—and perhaps the most exclusive—of the three. Six stone villas containing a total of 52 beds, the hotel complex nestles in the hillside, almost completely camouflaged by vines and stone outcroppings. A swimming pool has been partially carved out of the rock at the edge of the sea and is fed by water from the Mediterranean. Large stones rise up from the floor of the pool, giving the swimmer the feeling that he is swimming in the sea, which indeed is only a few feet away. The Hotel Pitrizza is understated, conservative, old wealth. When Princess Margaret comes to Costa Smeralda, she stays at the Pitrizza.

The success and prestige of the Costa Smeralda development sparked the creation of Porto Rotondo, a short distance away. Sharing the same coastline and green water as Costa Smeralda, Porto Rotondo offers its visitors an attractive piazza, fairly expensive accommodations at the Sporting Club, and the usual complement of restaurants and discotheques that the wealthy Europeans demand.

There is no doubt that the Costa Smeralda complex is a remarkable achievement in resort design. While the sea, which is to say the yachts, dominates the life around the three hotels, the tennis and golf clubs add a dimension that keeps things from being dull for those who arrive by air; and everybody seems to be highly pleased, if not stimulated, by strolling through the piazza at twilight or loitering at the tables of the outdoor cafés.

Olympic-class girl watchers, as well as girls who like to be watched, find the piazza at Porto Cervo to be pretty close to the summit of the sport. The most beautiful girls in the world, tanned and rested by days at sea, come ashore from the yachts dressed—but barely so—in the current fashions of the Côte d'Azur and Capri and swarm through the piazza looking like refugees from the Cannes Film Festival. To say they all look alike is not in the least unkind, since they are all beautiful; and if they did not possess an impressive erotic appeal, the chances are that they would not be there.

Unlike some Mediterranean resorts, the Costa Smeralda's swimming pools have not yet removed their restrictions against topless sunning, but what the girls do on the decks of their hosts' yachts is their own business; and one of the primary functions of the speedy tenders is searching out secluded coves for picnics and nude swimming. While Karim, as Aga Khan, is the spiritual leader of 13 million Moslems, it would be asking too much of him to police every rocky inlet on the north shore of Sardinia.

Perhaps because the high season on the Costa Smeralda is so brief—just the 60 golden days of July and August—life is concentrated, and the tempo is lively. And as the days speed by, a fairly predictable pattern of occupation is established. On the first night of arrival, dinner is usually a candlelight ceremony on the yacht. It is an attractive picture: a dozen or so sleekly dressed guests, crew and waiters resplendent in white jackets, the decks banked with gladiolas. After brandy and cigars, a fleet of taxis is assembled at quayside, and the group roars off to Lo Scorpio or the Ritual, two discotheques in the hills, the latter of which has been carved out of rock.

On subsequent days, there is tennis at the tennis club or a round of golf at Pevero Golf Club; barbecue lunches beside the bay at Hotel Cala di Volpe; a swim at any one of the hundreds of tiny white-sand beaches within reach of the tender; a stroll through the piazza; aperitifs at Filippo's; and dinner at the Red Lion or at one of the hotels or, just for the hell of it, at Petronilla, a tiny Italian café on the hillside above the harbor, or, for native Sardinian specialities, at Il Pulcino, on Piccolo Pevero Bay. Summer nights in Sardinia are warm and moist, the air is clean, and the sea is calm. It's a nice life.

I don't know any hotel other than the Hotel Cervo that places beside the stationery kit and the *note de blanchissage*, a small card on which the guest may reserve a boat as though reserving a tennis court. Marinasarda will deliver to the hotel dock, with or without a sailor, either a Catalina, a Bahia Mar, a Riva Junior, a Pilotina, a plastic boat with a 10-horsepower motor, or a sailboat. One has only to check the model wanted and give the card to the hall porter. And at the Hotel Cala di Volpe, there is a branch of Brioni, the fashionable men's tailor of Rome, where the nimble cutters and stitchers can quickly run up a $700 blazer for a guest who may have arrived threadbare. The Consorzio tries to provide the essential services; keeping rich guests happy, or even content, isn't easy.

In the past few years, Karim has begun to invest rather heavily in Kenya, a nation with many Ismaili followers. Although he is a prominent shareholder in the Serena Hotel, in Nairobi, the Serena lodges, in the Amboeseli and Keekorok game country, and in the Serena Beach Hotel, on the Indian Ocean, at Mombasa, Karim insists this newer interest suggests no weakening of his commitment to complete the development of Costa Smeralda. To a certain extent this depends upon the future stability of the Italian government and its attitude toward tourism. "I intend to continue to invest in the development of Sardinia," the Aga Khan said recently, "because I believe Italy must and can come out of this political crisis. Our work in Sardinia might contribute, in a very small way, to a solution. We think that tourism in the south of Italy is an industry that can provide some very positive results. We want only to know that there is a proper, long-range recognition of the importance to Italy of the tourism industry." A few months ago, Premier Andreotti awarded the Aga Khan the title of *Cavaliere della Repubblica Italiana*, one of the most impressive honors the Republic can bestow upon a foreigner. It seemed like a step in the right direction. ◉

A former editor of Holiday *and of* Travel and Leisure, *Caskie Stinnett is author of* Grand and Private Pleasures. *He writes a column for* Atlantic Monthly.

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ZUT, ALORS! A CRISIS AMONG THE ESCARGOTS

by Eunice Fried

Food and Wines from France, Inc.

The delicacy, poised—"If the snail has one life to give, let him give it with verve, with champagne bubbling in the glass."

ESCARGOTS, a classic of the gastronomic world, are in crisis. Tasty, tantalizing mollusks, snails have crawled through millions of years of history and more than 2,000 years of fame only to become an endangered species.

Along the way, these land snails have been the succulents of sybarites, the hors d'oeuvres of kings, status symbols to the nouveau nabob, and soul food to the French, who have even created special tableware with which to eat them.

Yet these fine-textured, distinctly flavored little creatures are more than a play food of the bon vivant. With their half ounce of pure-protein meat, they are just as likely to grace the table of the peasant, serve as the specialty of the neighborhood bistro, fill the knapsack of the well-fed camper, and offer pleasure to the bourgeoisie.

In fact, its universal appeal is the cause of the snail's current crisis. For the escargot, the price of fame is the threat of extinction.

Last year, the French gathered more than 40,000 tons, or over three billion snails, and consumed most of them at home.

In many kitchens, the snails are immediately separated from their shells, washed, and cooked. In some homes and in commercial processing plants, the snail is starved for a few weeks to clear its digestive system and then deshelled and cleaned.

All snails are boiled in court bouillon, a broth flavored with herbs, spices, and white wine. After about three hours, the cooked snails are dried and returned to their cleaned shells along with a rich mixture of butter, crushed garlic, chopped parsley and shallots, and more herbs and spices. They are

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then baked to sizzling. Add crusty French bread to soak up any overspill of sauce and wine to wash it all down, and you have a dish fit for a deity.

But while the French have been reveling in this voluptuous national pastime, the rest of the world has been demanding its share. The foreign market for snails has risen 30 percent in the past 10 years. At the same time, the French snail has been decimated by snakes, birds, pesticides, and its own habits. As a result, the French have been forced to buy from 8,000 to 10,000 tons of snails each year from Central and Eastern Europe and Turkey, processing them in France, where the preparation of the delicacy has been raised to an art, then sending them out to the escargot lovers of the world.

But not all snails are escargots. In Taiwan, where a snail-processing industry is burgeoning, the island snail, enclosed in a pagoda-shaped shell, lives in a swamp and eats insects as well as grasses. Its meat is rubbery, too tough to absorb much sauce, and tends to smell of swamp. European snails, on the other hand, are vegetarians that live on land. They absorb sauce as though they were blotters, emit the marvelously fresh perfume of new mown hay, and have round, whorled shells.

Part of the land mollusk's population problem is that the snail is as slow growing as it is slow moving. In fact, the only thing a snail wastes no time about is its sex life.

All snails are hermaphrodites, possessing both male and female organs. During the mating season, in the spring and summer, the snail stops its interminable eating and sleeping and searches for love. Its antennae probe until the woefully nearsighted creature comes face-to-face with a mate. Courtship, snail style, means little love bites around the neck, where the genital orifice is, and finally, union. When they part some hours after meeting, one of them is pregnant. About two weeks later, the expectant snail digs a small hole, drops from 50 to 100 eggs, covers them, and then leaves them to fend for themselves. A month later, about half the eggs will have survived to hatch into tiny snails with tissue-thin shells.

In France there are two types of coveted eating snails: *Helix pomatia*, or *gros blancs*, found primarily in Burgundy and thus called *Bourgognes* (actually, much of today's *Bourgognes* are harvested in Savoy); and the slightly smaller *Helix aspersa*, or *petit gris*, which enjoys the salty air of Brittany and Provence.

In their relentless pursuit of food, these land snails shuffle along at the rate of three inches a minute, gorging themselves on lettuce, cabbage, fruits, and in Burgundy on vine leaves. With their pinhead-sized mouth equipped with more than 25,000 minuscule teeth, they devour almost their own weight in food daily.

After such an eating binge, the snail is inclined to crawl into its shell, pull a thin curtain of mucilage across the entrance, and snooze for hours or days, and, in winter, for months. With such long rest periods, the snail grows slowly. The *petit gris* needs a year to attain its full size while the *Bourgogne* takes three years to reach its one and a half inches.

THE FRENCH, horrified at the thought of losing part of their national cuisine, have scientists in 11 laboratories working to speed up the snail's growth. Through controlled temperature and humidity and under industrial breeding conditions, they hope to hatch more of the eggs and to halve or eliminate about three months of hibernation time.

It would be a pity, indeed, to see the demise of a creature that has been a household staple since at least 20,000 B.C., when women collected them for food while men hunted bigger quarry.

The Romans bred snails in pens, fattening them on milk until they were too chubby to crawl back into their shells. For medical prescriptions they fed wine and flour to snails, mixed the snails with stag's marrow, and used the blend to treat pregnant women, wounds, and burns.

The Venetians enjoyed snails as delicacies. They also added simmered snails to cough syrup and used the lotion for freckles and gout. And one singer in Venice ate raw snails rolled in sugar to soothe his raspy throat.

The Chinese, meanwhile, ate snails strictly for joy, serving them roasted with plovers' eggs and sharks' fins.

During the late Middle Ages, the snail fell into disrepute, and for a while, the term "snail eater" became the ultimate insult. Then, as suddenly as it had toppled from grace, the snail was reinstated. And it has reigned ever since, raised by culinary genius from a lowly little crawler to the heights of gastronomic pleasure, to the escargot, ambrosia of the French.

Indeed, the French countryside is filled with restaurants that take great pride in their escargot preparations, which they offer in gargantuan helpings. At the Hôtel de Paris et de la Poste, in Sens (Yonne), the recipe for traditional *escargots à la Bourguignonne* calls for five dozen snails and feeds four people.

L'Abbaye, in Saint-Cyprien (Dordogne), specializes in *escargots au jus*, a dish of white wine, fresh cream, and eight dozen snails—enough, L'Abbaye feels, for four diners.

Le Morvan, in Avallon (Yonne), makes *timbale d'escargots au Chablis et aux noisettes*, tucking a dozen snails, chopped hazelnuts, and a little Cognac and Chablis among other ingredients into individual earthenware casseroles.

La Croix Blanche, of Chaumont-sur-Tharonne (Loiret), makes its *potée d'escargots Solognote* with mushrooms and crushed almonds and offers each diner 18 snails.

The highlight of the Hôtel des Etangs, in Coye-La-Forêt (Oise), is a dish called *potée d'escargots forestière*. It calls for five kinds of mushrooms and eight months to prepare. If you're thinking of doing this one at home, it helps if you live in the country and preferably near a forest.

French snail processors such as UGMA and Gillot export escargots in cans—cleaned and cooked in traditional court bouillon; shells, also cleaned and ready to use, in plastic containers; and aluminum-foil packets of seasoning—shallots, garlic, parsley, nutmeg, and other flavorings.

The average snail-eating American has about 6 as an hors d'oeuvre, 12 to 16 as an entrée. Many a hearty Burgundian has been known to down five or six dozen before going on to a main course of stew.

No matter how many snails are consumed, almost everyone takes them with wine. With Beaujolais for a classic combination. Red Burgundies are also a natural. And so are the red wines of the Côtes du Rhône, such as Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and California's Zinfandel and Petit Sirah. For those who prefer white wine with their cooked mollusk, there is nothing better than a wine made of the Chardonnay grape—Chablis, Mâcon, white Burgundy, and, of course—the ultimate honor to the little snail—crisp, cold, brut champagne.

After all, if the snail has one life to give, let him give it with verve, with champagne bubbling in the glass, the aroma of fresh garlic wafting in the air, crusty French bread on the table, and its own fleshy, velvety-textured elegance giving us one perfect mouthful of joy. ◉

Eunice Fried, a free-lance writer, specializes in subjects relating to food and wine.

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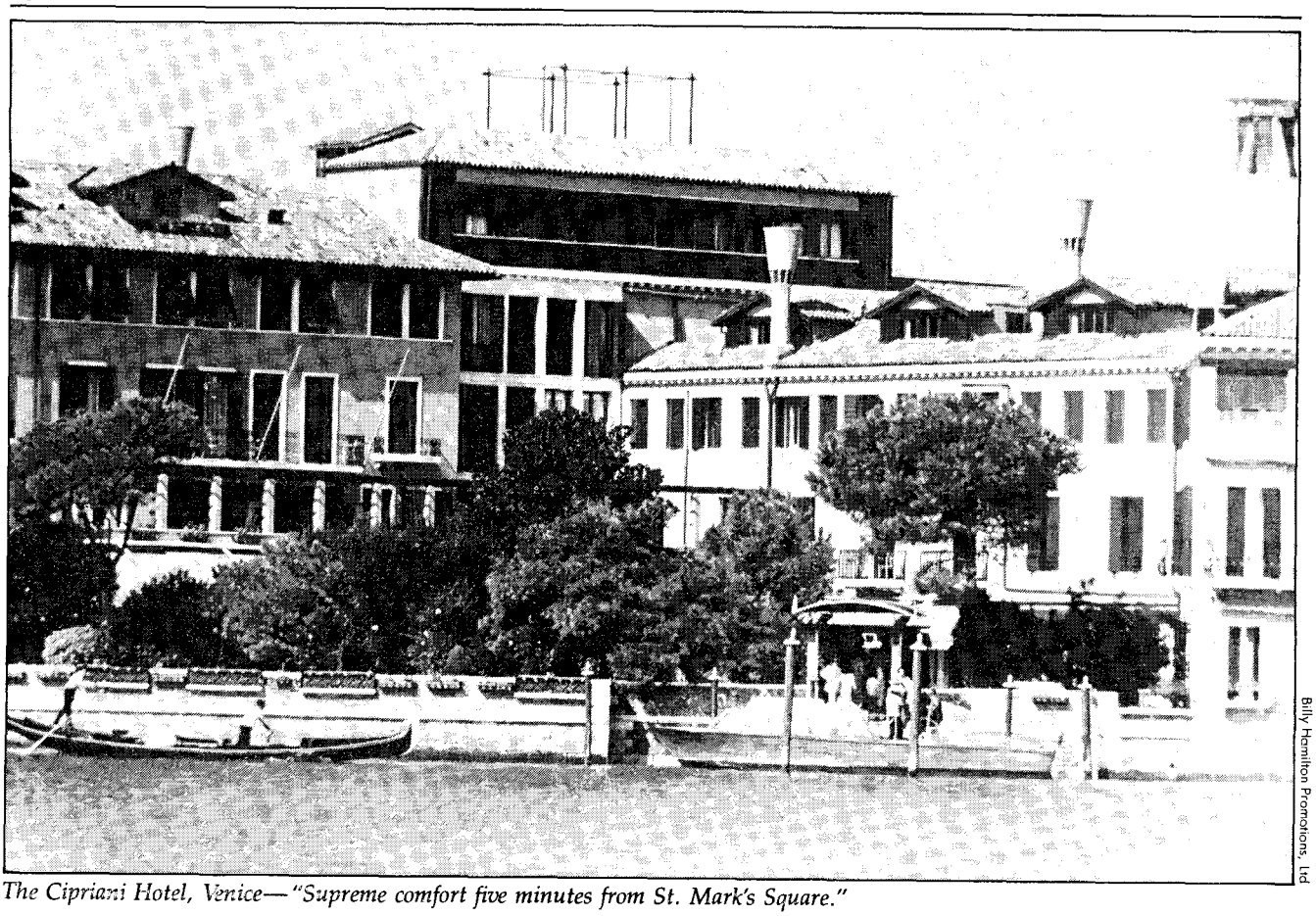
LIFE IN VENICE ...AND THEREABOUTS

by Horace Sutton



Billy Hamilton Promotions, Ltd

The Cipriani Hotel, Venice—"Supreme comfort five minutes from St. Mark's Square."

IT IS an irrepressible fancy among titans and tycoons who, having wowed Wall Street, amassed an uncountable estate, and acquired access to a company jet, turn, as young boys once did to electric trains, to what they consider the most alluring diversion of all. They become innkeepers.

Consider Daniel Ludwig, the reclusive shipping merchant who has built a string of Princess Hotels from Mexico to the Bahamas. Or Laurance Rockefeller, whose hotels stretch from Wyoming to the Virgin Islands. Or the Aga Khan (see page 25), who has fashioned a whole resort out of a seacoast in Sardinia and is stringing a chain of lodges and hotels in Kenya. A prominent German food manufacturer and shipping magnate, Rudolf-August Oetka is also the owner of the elegant Hôtel du Cap, in the south of France, and of Brenner's Park Hotel, in Baden-Baden. John Carras, a Greek freight-shipping magnate who only recently branched out into passenger travel, is building a vast hotel complex in Salonica and will have two 450-room hotels ready next year as well as an inn and a golf course. He is already bottling his own wine.

All have historical precedent. Henry Morrison Flagler, who made and lost fortunes and finally got rich with Rockefeller on oil, built a chain of elaborate hotels in Florida and stretched a railroad along Florida's east coast to link them together. Flagler, a name that survives in the hotel trade, was one of the first of the merchant-innkeepers.

The newest and least known of all is a forty-four-year-old Kentuckian named James Sherwood, who bought the fashionable Cipriani Hotel, on Giudecca island in Venice, from the Guinness family; is about to announce the purchase of a far-famed hotel in the Far East; is putting together a 17-

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car linkup of fancy, Fitzgerald-era railway carriages that will cross from London to Venice every week; owns a travel agency called Fairways and Swinford, which specializes in Nile River cruises and botanical tours for the British market; publishes a selective guidebook to London; and with Mark Birley, the owner of Annabel's, London's supersmart club, is about to open an Italian restaurant in London, on South Audley Street, near the American Embassy.

None of these endeavors are more than fancies to Sherwood, for while they must pay their way, they constitute little more than loose change compared with his major business, which is ships and shipping containers. His company, Sea Containers Services, Ltd., owns 120,000 cargo containers, 36 container ships, assorted cranes for lifting the containers on the ships, and a factory that makes containers. All told, it counts $400 million in assets and is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, where it turned in the second-best record of any stock during the past 10 years. Sherwood is adding $200 million in container assets this year. Compared with that formidable figure, his leisure pursuits, hotels, trains, restaurants, and such, amount to only $5 million. Yet they are, to the general public anyway, the most visible part of James Sherwood.

The interest in leisure began innocently enough in the late 1950s, when Sherwood, only a few years out of Yale and fresh from a stint in the navy, got a job with the United States Lines, first in Le Havre and later in Paris. He took the position because he had spent three navy years in the Far East and was eager to see Europe. While in France, he became addicted to the Juillard Guide, a recherché handbook to Paris that was a favorite of the cognoscenti.

London, not Paris, proved to be the major shipping center, and when Sherwood moved across the channel in 1965, he searched for a guide to London that would match what Juillard had done for him in Paris. Finding none, he set about creating his own, organizing a team of inspectors who would properly filter the better restaurants, shops, museums, and galleries. He did the final edit, cribbing style from Juillard, and called it the *Discriminating Guide to London*, a title that certainly reflects Sherwood's personal tastes. He had it published in America by Simon and Schuster and elsewhere by the London house of William Heinemann. It sold 15,000 copies, a respectable showing that nev-

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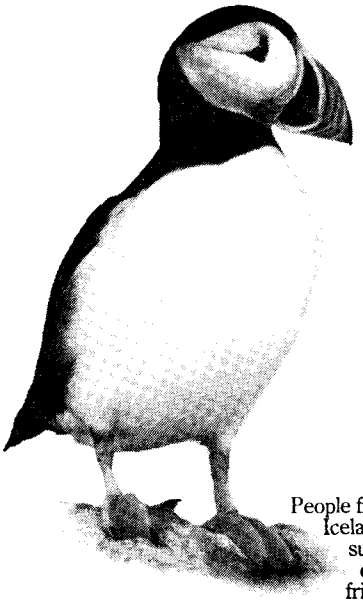

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James Sherwood—"A paradigm of style."

ertheless failed to please Sherwood. A second edition with a redesigned softcover was published by Grosset and Dunlap, and this time the American sale jumped to 35,000.

Sherwood's container and shipping interests take him on wide swings around the world, but it was his habit to arrange his schedules to allow time, every two years, to be in Venice for the Biennale. He was a frequent guest at the Cipriani Hotel, an establishment of supreme comfort five minutes by launch from St. Mark's Square. The hotel carries the name of Giuseppe Cipriani, who years earlier had started Harry's Bar, a famed wateringhole in Venice that served excellent drinks, fine food, and attracts the best names of the haut monde—literary, fashion, and social.

When Cipriani sought to extend the success of his saloon to hotelkeeping, he found backers in the Guinness family. Three daughters of the second earl of Iveagh, head of the Guinness family, became his partners, and Cipriani's hotel, on a 3-acre plot on the Giudecca, opened in 1958.

It was an immediate success, and additional land was bought on which to build a large heated swimming pool, the only one so near the heart of Venice. Cipriani's was soon listed among the 20 best hotels of the world; but the Guinness family, whose members had been so eager to be innkeepers, ultimately wearied of the project. Sherwood bought the property for $2 million and effected a coup in hotel circles by netting Natale Rusconi, who many feel is Italy's best hotelier. He had been manager of the Grand Hotel, in Rome, and later of the Gritti Palace, in Venice, one of the world's most celebrated establishments. Some thought he was in line to succeed to the presidency of CIGA, the Italian chain that owns half a dozen hotels in Venice and others in Italy's principal cities.

Sherwood and Rusconi added 10 rooms to the Cipriani, bringing the total rentable chambers to 110, hardly enough to warrant the expensive and highly talented staff. They found space in which to wedge two tennis courts and had a roof built over part of the pool to extend the swimming season.

Ever the businessman, Sherwood searched for ways to make use of his star management team. He sensed an international yearning for old trains, and when a check showed no decent existing railway service between London, his base, and Venice, his love, Sherwood set about organizing one. His efforts brought the cooperation and the enthusiasm of British Railways; Wagons-Lits, which permitted him to use its colors and its escutcheon; and SNCF, the French railway network. He bought two cars of the old Orient Express, which were auctioned at Monte Carlo by Sotheby Parke-Bernet last fall, complete with Lalique appointments and exquisite panels of marquetry. The British, he discovered, were masters in the art of building railway carriages, often employing eminent cabinetmakers to build the furniture and the paneling.

Ultimately he acquired six parlor cars, which the British, who built them, call "pullmans" (though they have nothing to do with the Pullman Company, of Chicago), as well as the baggage car used for the murder scene in the film *Murder on the Orient Express*, and 10 old luxury cars of Wagon-Lits that cruised across Europe in the salad days of the Twenties and Thirties. What with the cars he bought in Monte Carlo and other purchases, he will field a 17-car train with 10 sleepers, 2 restaurant and kitchen cars, and assorted parlor cars.

THE TRAIN will be based in Venice and on its weekly crossing to London will leave at midday, heading into the Alps and crossing by way of the Simplon Tunnel in the afternoon, making its way via Brigue and Lausanne, arriving in Paris after dinner. The overnight ride to Dunkirk will continue at a leisurely pace, and there the train will break up—four parlor cars and a restaurant car boarding the ferry to the crossing to Dover, arriving at Victoria

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Station in London after lunch the second day.

The trip, which will cost each traveler $250, meals included, is not considered transportation but in Sherwood's view is a visual and sensual experience—the view of the Alps and the Channel by daylight, great meals prepared by the staff of the Cipriani, and the experience of riding opulent railway carriages, each decorated in singular, rich, art deco style.

Adding air conditioning and lavatories and a shower to each cabin will take nearly a year. Service is scheduled to start in June of 1979, and although no announcement, much less a solicitation, has been made, over 2,000 requests for reservations have flooded in. It is conceivable that the single round trip will be extended to three a week to meet the demand. Initially, the Sherwood Express will operate seven months a year, although it may also be necessary to extend the season to 10 months. Its patron thinks that there may be a bottomless number of people who enjoy luxury and who love trains. Like every other Sherwood enterprise, "this will be," he says, "no budget-minded operation."

Sherwood learned his financial lesson during the Sixties when he was with U.S. Lines, then turning an appreciable profit. Real estate was relatively cheap in France and Britain, but the steamship company feared to diversify. "That taught me something I have never forgotten," he says now, "and so we are picking up land all over the world. We have bought the shell of an unfinished hotel called King's Reach, on the South Bank of the Thames. That will be a future project, giving us a hotel in London.

"The accepted American approach is to move in like gangbusters, investing heavily without being sure of what one is about. Our method is directly the opposite. We are creating a formula, and once we have that formula firmly fixed we will expand our investment.

"The rewards should not be only financial; they should give one personal satisfaction. Involvement in leisure activities is rewarding to me."

As the quintessential discriminating traveler, Sherwood is a paradigm of style, grace, and good living. He is articulate, well-groomed, expensively and conservatively tailored, and running to girth. On a recent day when he was ensconced with his family in the Rye Town Hilton, in a suburb of Gotham ("there is nothing really in New York, and all my friends have moved to Connecticut"), he was wear-

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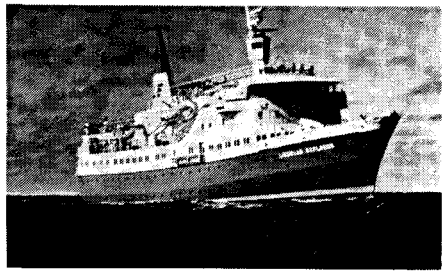

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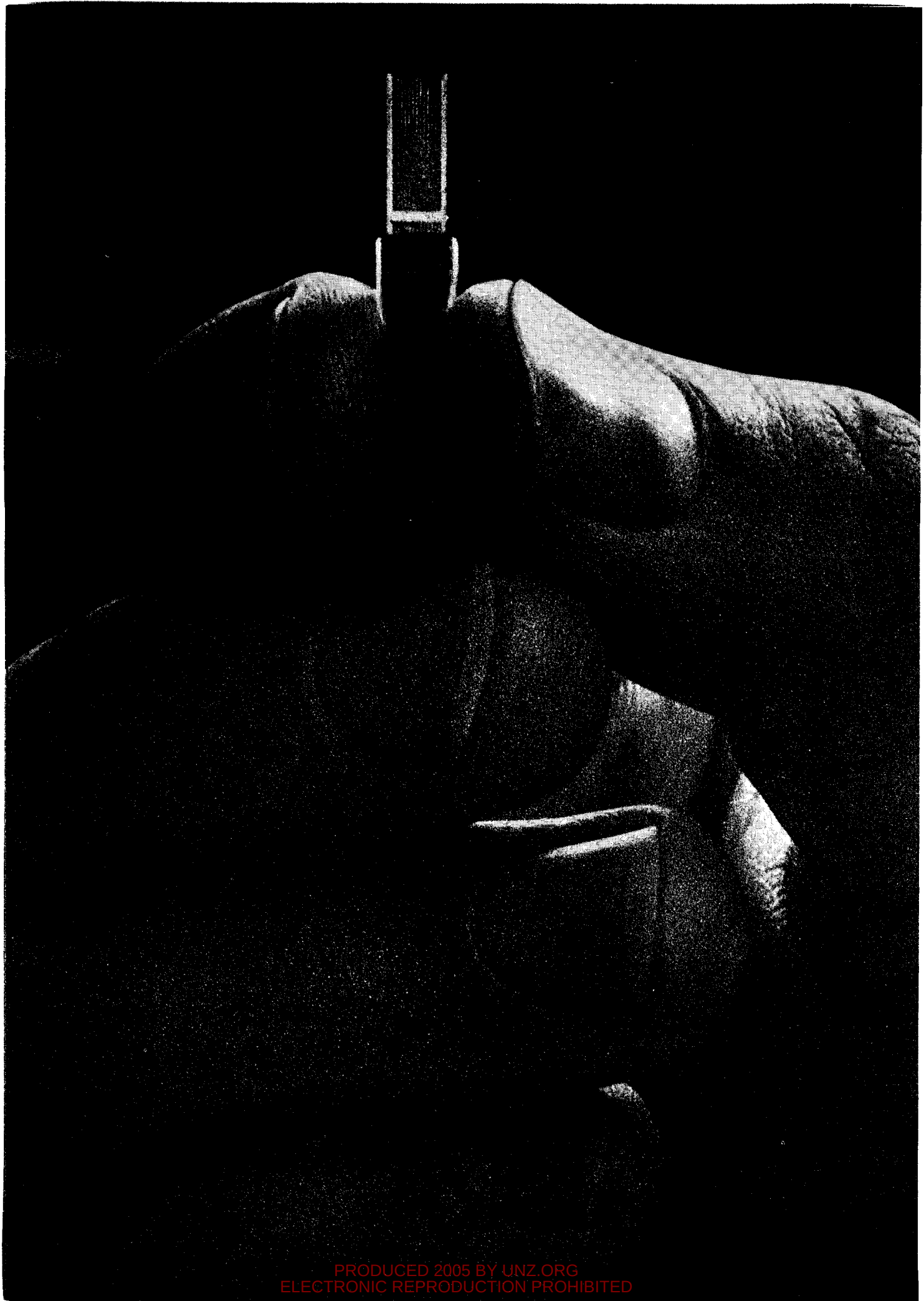

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But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

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And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

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ing a suntan acquired in Vail.

The family seat is a town house in London that was once owned by W. S. Gilbert, the librettist. There in Chelsea, Sherwood lives with his two teen-age sons and his British wife, Shirley, a biologist who, in the employ of Smith, Kline and French, has spent the past 10 years in antiulcer research.

Despite his constant voyages and dealings and his highly selective—one could say perfectionist—attitudes in pursuit of the good life, Sherwood has no ulcers. Nor does a line crease his face. Although many of his commercial commitments in the leisure field are tied to Italy, he is not ruffled by the upheavals of Italian politics and society. On the contrary, he is high on the Andreotti government, thinks it the best in recent history, and is cheered by the show of Communist cooperation, the first since the war. The Moro kidnapping, outrageous as it was, has galvanized the government to action. Sherwood foresees an ultimate reform of the police system, under which the law is presently enforced by two competing services, the *carabiniere* and the National Guard.

It is fortuitous for Sherwood that his choice of London, the maritime center, as a place to make his home, dovetails so fittingly with Italy, a prime maritime customer—it is his third largest market—for which he has such a marked sentimental affinity.

Aside from realizing a geographic and rather elegant and romantic union between London and Venice with his train, he will bring Venice to the heart of London with the restaurant that he will open with Mark Birley, of Annabel's. It was Birley who having made a success of Annabel's—so many wealthy visitors from the Middle East are in the place now, it is dubbed "Arabel's"—and with his restaurant called Mark's, felt the need for a third establishment. Sherwood was seeking yet another expression for his Venetian team.

The kitchen staff of the South Audley Street restaurant will come directly from the Cipriani, turning out the hotel kitchen's celebrated antipasti Cipriani and the *tagliolini verdi gratinati al prosciutto*, culinary poems that can be recited by heart by wayfarers who fetch up in Venice. The restaurant will be called Cipriani's or, perhaps, Harry's Bar. It is fitting that Sherwood's outpost stands at the entrance to a small private park. There is a church just opposite, a remarkable convenience for departing diners who would offer thanks for the divine pasta. ●

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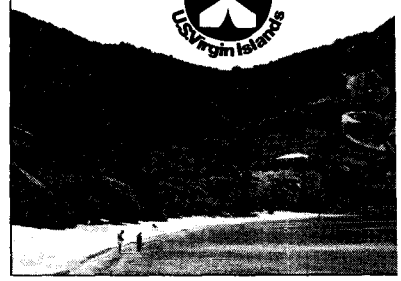

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A SYBARITIC SAMPLER

by Judith Morgan

Double High. Two-week frolics that mix chilled champagne and hot-air balloons are being launched by Air France. Groups limited to 18. Nine revelers fly at a time in three gaily decorated balloons. The rest give chase past chateaus and vineyards from the Loire to Beaune. Happy landings guaranteed, since each is celebrated with champagne. Villagers have been warned that foreigners may be dropping in.

Children First. For a sybaritic kid, no game beats crossing the Atlantic on the *Queen Elizabeth II*. The children's playroom on the sports deck is chockablock with fun: cheerful nannies, a cartoon theater, and puzzles fit for a prince. Stash your baby brother in a crib in the soundproof nursery; stash your parents in a penthouse suite that's the world's most expensive accommodation at sea. The cost is $11,230, but that includes all the cookies you can eat.

Live Like a Rockefeller. Laurance, to be specific. At Caneel Bay, a serene resort he built on the Virgin Island of Saint John, ask for Cottage No. 7. It's the two-story home with the big stone terrace where Rockefeller stays when he's in residence. It served as a hideaway for brother Nelson and for the late Hubert Humphrey when they were vice-presidents. An upstairs bedroom is rich with watercolors by Laurance's wife, Mary. Adjacent quarters for Secret Service or bodyguards, if it's come to that.

Starry-eyed Sybarites may learn of the future with Lindblad Travel, in India. Lars-Eric Lindblad, the Swedish-American master of adventure, has charted month-long tours of temples and ashrams, sessions with swamis, gurus, palmists, and clairvoyants. Personal consultations will be arranged if travelers admit year, day, hour, and minute of birth. No time to lie about age.

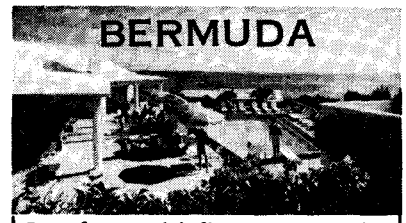
Room at the Top. Avoid long lift lines at Swiss ski resorts by hiring a helicopter to whisk you to the top of championship runs at Klosters, Grindelwald, or Zermatt. If your pleasure doesn't run to athletics, or you stayed up too late at the shah's party and can't face skiing, rent a helicopter for sightseeing and look down on the working classes, advanced and beginner.

Wilderness Ease. One man's pleasure is not mine if the man is A. J. Foyt and the place is the 1,000-mile Baja California wilderness of Mexico. He likes the grime and terror of the off-road vehicle race down the peninsula. I prefer taking the new macadam road, which Mexicans call Número Uno, with a few good friends in a motor coach. I did it last year in an Avco 32-foot coach with a staff of two: a sober driver who loved to vacuum and clean windows and a young Mexican who served margaritas, guacamole, and fresh shrimp from the Sea of Cortés. Stare from swivel chairs at forests of cardon cactus and writhing stalks of cirio.

Pure and Simple. Nine miles west of the booming Hawaiian island of Maui is the pineapple island of Lanai, studded with thousands of Norfolk pines, lonely beaches, marvelous diving and fishing. Kamehameha the Great chose Kaunolu Bay 200 years ago for his summer home. It's still much the same. No bars, no crowds, no swimming pools on Lanai, and so far only the 11 peaceful rooms of the white, wooden Lanai Lodge. If you go soon, you can tell friends how Hawaii used to be.

Rent a Portuguese Pousada. The whole thing. My favorite is the Pousada do Castelo, a sixteenth-century palace within the walls of a twelfth-century castle, in the village of Obidos, 60 miles north of Lisbon. The inn has half a dozen bedrooms and a baronial dining hall. In season, a stay is limited to five nights. Then move on to the palatial Pousada da Rainha Santa Isabel, in Estremoz. Pousadas are a bargain, but your guests will never know. ◉

A free-lance writer who lives in La Jolla, California, and travels the globe with her husband, Neil, Judith Morgan writes a column that appears in the Los Angeles Times *and other newspapers.*



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A WAIF IN STORYVILLE

Sweet Bordello Baby

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Mother and daughter—"Prostitution in matter-of-fact strokes, as if it were indistinguishable from bourgeois business."

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INGMAR BERGMAN, Claude Lelouch, and Lina Wertmuller have recently illustrated the pitfalls that lie in wait for directors who make movies in unfamiliar countries and tongues. With *Pretty Baby* (Paramount), his first American film, Louis Malle does a good deal better. That may be in part because this excellent French director has set his film in the most French of American cities.

George Washington Cable, the great New Orleans novelist, described "a city of villas and cottages, of umbrageous gardens ... shaded by forest-trees, haunted by song-birds, fragrant with a wealth of flowers that never fails a day in the year." Malle is interested in only a part of this. He is working again, as he did in *Black Moon*, with Sven Nykvist, Bergman's favorite cinematographer, also making his first American movie. But except for swift glimpses, Malle and Nykvist austerely resist the visual temptations of the Vieux Carré—the wrought iron railings, the porte-cocheres, the balconies, the inner courtyards. They concentrate instead on Storyville, the old red-light district, and mostly on a single bordello within Storyville.

The events are seen through the eyes of Violet, the twelve-year-old daughter of Hattie, one of the prostitutes. A young photographer, bearing the name of, but not otherwise much resembling, an actual figure named Ernest Bellocq, takes pictures of the whores and, though obviously frozen in his own sexual responses, becomes a familiar of the house. Violet, achieving a tremulous ambition, is initiated into prostitution, her virginity auctioned off to a room filled with New Orleans bravos. Hattie, achieving a steely ambition, marries a businessman from St. Louis and sails off into respectability, leaving Violet behind until a new life is formed. It is 1917, the United States is at war, and reformers close down the houses in order to preserve the virtue of the doughboys and gobs. Violet and the photographer marry. Then Hattie returns with her husband and takes Violet away, presumably to a normal adolescence up north.

The film is episodic, atmospheric, meandering, moving at times with the languor of a hot New Orleans summer. Malle records the daily life of a bordello in matter-of-fact strokes, as if prostitution were indistinguishable from any other bourgeois business. The girls giggle and squeal like sorority sisters; and occasionally one has the feeling that Malle has confused Storyville with *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. But the pervading gentleness is an immense relief from the incipient hysteria of so much of the contemporary American cinema.

Indeed, in watching *Pretty Baby* I began to understand how one's sensibility is corrupted by the pathological addiction of recent American movies to violence. I found myself constantly apprehensive that something terrible was about to happen—that when the drunken john awakes and finds that Hattie has left his bed to have a photograph taken in the garden, he will smash in her face; that when a group of men dive off a barge to join the girls on a picnic, some awful fight will ensue. But Hattie tumbles the drunk to the ground, and the picnic dissolves not into bloodshed but into jollity.

We see it all, as noted, through the eyes of Violet. Malle sticks to his point of view with almost Jamesian fidelity, and he has in Brooke Shields a marvelously expressive medium. Violet is on the edge of pubescence, half romping child, half blooming nymphet, moving through the film from little girl to little-girl whore back to little girl again. Young Shields could not be better, nor could Susan Sarandon as Hattie, beautiful, troubled, and hell-bent for respectability. Keith Carradine is appropriately enigmatic as the photographer. The supporting players are generally fine. A special word must be said for Antonio Fargas as the whorehouse pianist rippling across the ivories in the style of Jelly Roll Morton (the music was arranged and produced, we are advised, by Bob Greene).

The contrast between the sensationalism of the material and the sweetness of the treatment in *Pretty Baby* will disconcert some and no doubt disappoint others. Malle does not exploit his characters. He presents them with consistent respect and a deep sense of their essential humanity. Watch the scene when Hattie and her wealthy husband take Violet away, the husband starting to say a word to the devastated photographer, whether in consolation or explanation or reproof, stopping, and then darting a mute look of confused sympathy.

Pretty Baby is a successful movie, but hardly, I think, a successful American movie. Except for the tinkling jazz and a few blacks moving softly in the background, Malle's Storyville might almost be a *quartier* of Marseilles. Even the accents are only intermittently southern, though the photographer is supposed to have lived all his life in New Orleans and the madam, played by Frances Faye without pretense of a drawl, is presumably another native.

The sense that this is a French rather than an American film is reinforced by the conception of prostitution as a job any nice young lower-class woman might undertake in the passage toward marriage and respectability. This theme, though far from unknown in American actuality, is much more familiar as a stereotype in French than in American literature. When Hattie lands her businessman, we recognize her more easily as off to Lyons than to St. Louis.

But whatever its provenance, *Pretty Baby* is an unusually interesting and refreshingly humane film. Let me add emphatically that it is not an indecent film—far less so, in my view, than the torrent of movies that deal with such relish in bloody beatings, gang rapes, torture, and drawn-out murder. ◉

Shields and Carradine—"Gentle relief from the hysteria of contemporary cinema."

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THEATER

The Razzle-Dazzle of Bob Fosse

by Martin Gottfrie

THERE IS SOMETHING to be said for amateurism in the theater. It lends a certain recklessness, a freedom born of naïveté. Professionals *know better* in too many respects sometimes, and it stops them from trying something that might be worth the effort. This is why there is too often a schism between what is refreshing and what is worth the price of a ticket. The innovators are sloppy, and the professionals are conservative.

Bob Fosse may well be the ultimate Broadway professional. His motto seems to be that the only good show is a hit show, and he's never had a flop. He learned how to direct musicals when he was George Abbott's choreographer on such shows as *The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*, and *New Girl in Town*. Abbott detested art and strove only to make a show "work." His attitude was that a little show business and a lot of speed could overcome the resistance of any audience. When Fosse himself turned to direction, he maintained that attitude and became a cynic in the process. For *Chicago*, he put together a number called "Razzle Dazzle," making the point that theatrical flash can convince an audience of anything. To confirm his cynicism, even "Razzle Dazzle" razzle-dazzled *Chicago*'s audiences.

Zelda Fichandler, the founder of Arena Stage, in Washington, D.C., always defended the spirit of amateurism as an antidote for such cynicism, as an element necessary to the stage's vitality. She felt that excess polish made it hard for the theater to breathe. A play that was recently transferred from Arena to Broadway demonstrates this amateurism. *A History of the American Film* is based on a frankly collegiate idea, and it goes to pieces in the second act. David Chambers, its director, has only a tentative touch of the showmanship and finesse that Fosse exemplifies in his newest musical, *Dancin'*. As a result, *Dancin'* will doubtless be a Broadway success while *A History of the American Film* closed, despite good reviews, for lack of business. There is some sense in this. Broadway theater tickets are expensive, and buyers are entitled to a certain value for their money. But does *Dancin'* have value?

Dancin' started out with a wish to do an unusual musical. The show was to have no story, no original music, and little singing. It was to be all dancing. It began rehearsals without any idea in mind at all. It wanted to be artistic and was waiting for the idea to come. In the meantime, it occupied itself with technique. The idea never came; *Dancin'* never found a purpose, a form to give it cohesion, the structure to make it a musical rather than a dance program. Some of its dances tell stories, but they are either frail (four women who learn that they are being used by the same man) or vulgar (a fantasized, simulated seduction in the midst of dance class). The other dances are numbers, many of them exciting and marvelous but still numbers in search of a formula. Is this enough for success?

Bob Fosse has *made* it enough. He is probably the professional theater's best show doctor, a make-do man who thrives under the merciless pressure of an expensive, faulted show heading for a date with a Broadway opening night. By the time *Dancin'* arrived at New York's Broadhurst Theatre, Fosse had it moving at double speed (three acts in two hours), with the music blaring and every number aiming to be a show-stopper topping the previous one. This blast of theatrical hairspray has wowed enough critics to make a healthy engagement likely.

Compared to such big-time show business, *A History of the American Film* is like a touch football player in the Super Bowl. Its mentality is precocious, its aims are modest: comic entertainment based on the trivia of movie nostalgia. This is a subject that I find inconsequential verging on obnoxious. Still, the young author, Christopher Durang, created for this purpose a structure that is not without ingenuity.

A History of the American Film is set, logically enough, in an old movie theater, and we in the audience watch those in the movie theater's audience. This setting is a mistake in itself—drab, threadbare, and unchanging. Durang's is a shaggy-dog story that skims us over the surface of American movie history. Its interests are superficial, the stuff of camp. It begins as a silent movie and follows the adventures of a young woman—from life in a shanty with the mean man she loves through adventures in a speakeasy, conviction as a murderess, escape from a chain gang, visits with society people, acting in Hollywood, episodes in a stage door canteen, marriages, and remarriag
All of this is designed so that her va
ous friends, enemies, husbands, a
lovers play roles drawn from movi
mainly of the Thirties and Forti
There is some satire of specific films
Citizen Kane and *Casablanca* p
ticularly—and of movie genres (co
boy movies, gangster movies, w
movies), but the main subject is act
and actresses: James Cagney, Hu
phrey Bogart, Henry Fonda, Jam
Stewart, Bette Davis, Eve Arden.

We've been through this so often th
the details are now overfamiliar. The
titude is smart-alecky, and the hum
is unfunny because it is no longer s
prising. Yet much of the first act is c
ried by the author's outrageous come
and by his ability to keep the sto
thread continuous and clear as
moves from satire to satire. In the se
ond act, the play, having no real goal
mind, explodes with the frenzy of de
peration.

No such mess could ever come o
Bob Fosse show; still, professionalis
keeps him from such perkiness. Wh
Dancin' originated, its purpose was
be more than a money-maker. It w
meant to establish Fosse as an artist.
has not, because such a purpose is n
purpose enough for a show. Fosse
tragic flaw seems to be his ow
strength. He has been the nonpar
professional for so long that he appea
unable to operate in any other way. A
though he hoped *Dancin'* would be
tistic and original, he could not purs
its problems to solution because his i
pulse was to make it "work"—
razzle-dazzle the audience. This
timately superseded his urge to make
artistic and obscured its need for p
pose. A show's working is a factor
professionalism. Its artistry is a fact
of amateurism, of attempting th
chancy, of daring, of vision. *A Histo
of the American Film* does not work,
timately—it is even a pain in th
neck—but it does have spunk. *Danci*
is going to fool some audiences, but
is all surface. Fosse's gift is marvelou
and his showmanship relates to th
theater's basic traditions. If he cou
but separate technique from purpo
and, by taking a chance on an idea, ri
a show's not working, he might w
bridge our theater's frustrating schis
and achieve artistic risk through co
summate craft. ●

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TELEVISION

Black- and Whitewash at ABC

by Karl E. Meyer

IT HAS TAKEN more than a year and has required the intervention of the National News Council, but ABC finally has seen fit to reply to my inquiries about an unusual show that depicted Uganda's Idi Amin as a swell fellow underneath his chestful of braid. The program was originally broadcast locally in New York City on February 6, 1977, as part of a series called *Like It Is*, produced for WABC, the network's New York flagship station. It turns out that my suspicions were well founded. The American black journalists who were so favorably impressed by Idi Amin had had their airfare paid by the government of Uganda, a detail not mentioned in the broadcast.

As I have already reported in this space ["Cover-up at ABC," February 4], immediately after seeing the show I wrote to Gil Noble, the producer of *Like It Is*, and asked whether the journalists had troubled to contact exiled opponents of the Amin regime or to consult Amnesty International about its charges of torture and political murder in Uganda. I wondered whether the visitors had questioned General Amin about the case of Mrs. Dora Bloch, the British subject who vanished from a Ugandan hospital after the Entebbe raid. I also brought up the matter of travel expenses.

When my repeated inquiries went unanswered, I requested the help of the National News Council, a nonprofit voluntary organization that serves as a media watchdog. Ned Schnurman, of the council's staff, says he logged 12 telephone calls over a two-month period before WABC found it opportune to respond.

A letter dated March 20, 1978, eventually arrived, carrying the signature of Seymour Horowitz, program director of WABC-TV. Apologizing for the inordinate delay, Horowitz explained that a number of departments were involved, and each section had apparently thought that another was preparing a response. The letter continued:

> As for the specific questions you originally asked, Mr. Noble has provided me with answers. Insofar as travel expenses are concerned, the airfare, round-trip, for the reporters was paid by the Ugandan government. All other expenses, including living expenses, were paid by the journalists.
>
> The journalists made no effort to interview opponents of the regime in other countries as they did not feel it was the function of the project. Let me reiterate that the film was intended to be a view of Uganda as seen through black eyes. Neither did they have any contact with Amnesty International.
>
> Insofar as the woman who disappeared from the hospital after Entebbe is concerned, Mr. Noble reports that Mr. Amin was asked about her, but just did not reply.

I am informed that *Like It Is* has a good reputation for giving the black perspective in its Sunday programs, and I am prepared to believe that the Ugandan incident is an aberration. But it is a thoroughly deplorable aberration. The circumstance of skin color does not absolve any journalist from the professional obligation of seeking out all points of view before offering a judgment on a matter of fierce controversy.

Certainly the producers of *Like It Is* would be justifiably indignant if WABC broadcast a public affairs program about South Africa in which white journalists accepted at face value Pretoria's official line that blacks are happy in the land of apartheid and that allegations to the contrary are just so much left-wing propaganda. Moreover, if such white journalists conveniently failed to disclose that their visit to South Africa had been a government junket, you may be sure that black viewers would have plenty to say to station WABC.

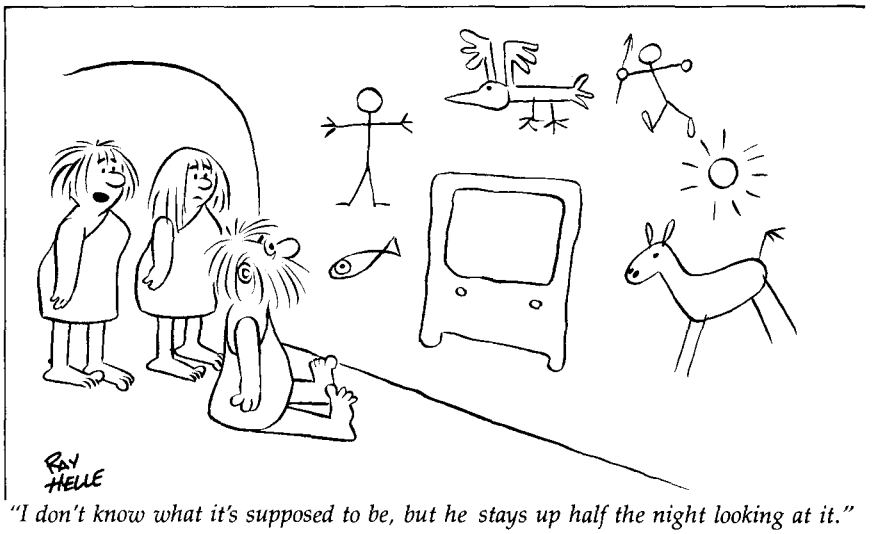
Like the Constitution, the professional codes of journalism are color-blind, or ought to be. No reporter can completely eliminate personal bias or emotion in covering a story, but it is the effort to compensate for subjective feelings that distinguishes the professional from the journalism school freshman. In its report on Uganda, *Like It Is* flunked even by freshman standards.

MEANWHILE, *20/20*, another ABC public affairs program, is about to make its long-promised debut. The hour show is intended to be the network's answer to *60 Minutes*, and it will give us all a better idea of the great reforms that ABC News president Roone Arledge is supposed to be bringing about.

But confidence, I must say, is not inspired by a peek at an unsigned in-house memorandum on the new show that is making the rounds, via samizdat, at other networks. One paragraph enthuses:

> The tempo of "20/20" will reflect an American culture in which most people talk and act—quick, to the point, in shorthand. This is the contemporary American philosophy: jet planes, fast cars, computers, microwave cooking, instant foods, pre-fab houses, disposable diapers, mobile homes—and thirty years of conditioning to television. Live from around the corner, or around the world in [an] hour, a half hour, a few minutes, or even thirty seconds. Twenty/Twenty believes that yes, the public has a short attention span—but also can get the message faster than we think.

How come the plastic toy was left off that list? Anyway, if the items zip by too fast, perhaps Arledge will give us an instant replay. ◉



"I don't know what it's supposed to be, but he stays up half the night looking at it."

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FINE ARTS

The Durability of Abstract Expressionism

by Barbara Rose

NOW THAT Abstract Expressionism, once denounced as a hoax by academics, critics, and the public alike, is finally being identified as *the* major American contribution to modernism, the art of the New York School has become not only the delight of collectors but also a respectable subject for scholarly study.

The paintings assembled by curators Gail Levin and Robert Carleton Hobbs for the first comprehensive survey of "Abstract Expressionism: The Formative Years" look remarkably at home in the handsome new Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, at Cornell University. The conflicting social and political contexts within which these works were created—expressed by the artists' statements that the works were intended to convey radical cultural and political ideas—have been stripped away, leaving us to deal with art for art's sake. The well-designed catalog, which is basically an illustrated chronology of persons and events, leads one to believe that the artists involved had no problems other than artistic ones. This was certainly not the case, as is evidenced by their own remarks. The catalog therefore represents a fascinating denial of political realities that is indicative of the narrowing focus of humanistic studies in America. Messy lives have been tidied up, and larger-than-life personalities, scaled down to fit neat categorization.

On a purely visual level, however, the exhibition is a powerful spectacle, the cumulative effect of which is dazzling. Although we may no longer be in touch with whatever created the great excitement that inspired these works, we can still sense that excitement. Compared with today's dead, inert, intellectual art, these early Abstract Expressionist paintings look sparklingly alive—as fresh and juicy as the day they were painted. The focus on the decade of the Forties clarifies many issues regarding the sources and evolution of the New York School, giving a clearer picture of the nature of the interrelationships among its principal members. Comparisons are illuminating: The juxtaposition of Hofmann's "Bacchanale" and Pollock's "The Key," both painted in 1946, reveals more similarity between the two canvases than one might have imagined. Both are painted with a bright fauve palette inspired by Matisse, both give primacy to physical gesture expressed by free drawing in paint, and both depict generalized *personnages*—strange creatures that combine organic, human, and animal features—embedded in an ambience suggesting landscape. The question that is raised by this particular pairing of works is why, in the following year, Pollock "broke through" to the powerful and original drip paintings, whereas Hofmann became—at least for the moment—more conservative if anything, separating drawing from painting even further, instead of fusing them as Pollock finally did. When we note that Hofmann, inspired by surrealist technical experiments, was dripping paint in a small 1940 canvas, titled "Spring," included in the exhibition, we realize that the elements ultimately synthesized by Pollock in the revolutionary drip paintings were generally available to the artists of the New York School; but it took Pollock to integrate them in a way that irrevocably altered the course of art.

It seems odd that none of Pollock's drip paintings are included in this exhibition of the "formative years," given the fact that Pollock began pouring paint in 1947 in the radical paintings that both closed out the period and ushered in the mature phase of Abstract Expressionism. The absence of these paintings falsifies the historical moment. Other inclusions and exclusions are also puzzling: One mystery, for example, is the inclusion of Stamos, who is clearly a follower of Baziotes and lacks a style of his own—just as, history may reveal, Kline and Guston are products of the school of De Kooning. However, the revisionist approach that finally has put Lee Krasner in her proper place among her peers can only be applauded. She and Ad Reinhardt are the only members of the New York School untouched by surrealism. In an interview, Krasner confided that whatever the surrealists contributed to the New York School, they passed on their misogyny as well. Unwilling to play the *femme-poupée* role that the surrealists assigned to women, Krasner was undeservedly ignored for decades. The quality of her works as well as the lyric beauty and the technical mastery of the early paintings by Tomlin, Reinhardt, and Pousette-Dart are among the greatest surprises of the show.

What is most striking about the exhibition, however, is that it makes it clear that the great struggle of the early years of Abstract Expressionism was to find subjects worth painting, which at the time meant surrealist subjects. The search for evocative images that would neither overpower painterly considerations nor resort to literal storytelling can be followed in the stylistic evolution of the 15 artists in the exhibition. The tension in their works, which verge on pure abstraction while rarely becoming totally abstract, is very compelling. For most of the artists, the surrealist dogma—which held that archaic or totemic archetypes generated by dreams or fantasies are expressive of the deepest primitive subconscious—was a crucial point of departure. *Personnages* inhabit the early paintings of many of the artists in the show, including Gorky, Pollock, Still, Motherwell, Pousette-Dart, and surprisingly, Hofmann, whose works of the Forties, we now see, owe a large debt to surrealism. The colors of Rothko, Gottlieb, Baziotes, and Stamos are pale and muted compared with the garish fauve palette Hofmann and Pollock were using at the time. Filled with floating particles of human, fish, and amoebic forms, their early canvases often look as if they had been painted underwater.

Barnett Newman, unfortunately, is represented by only a single watercolor, but other works of his will join the show when it opens in October at the Whitney Museum, in New York. Even without these crucial paintings by Newman and despite the omission of Pollock's drip paintings, which one sorely misses, the show is a provocative occasion that should lend new perspective to the early years of Abstract Expressionism. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 108

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 68.*

US AS PEPDFUBOJY BP OC MCNPA US AS, M QMJ QXCU SEPDPCUOQMUP BOQCPRL.

—YSPUBP

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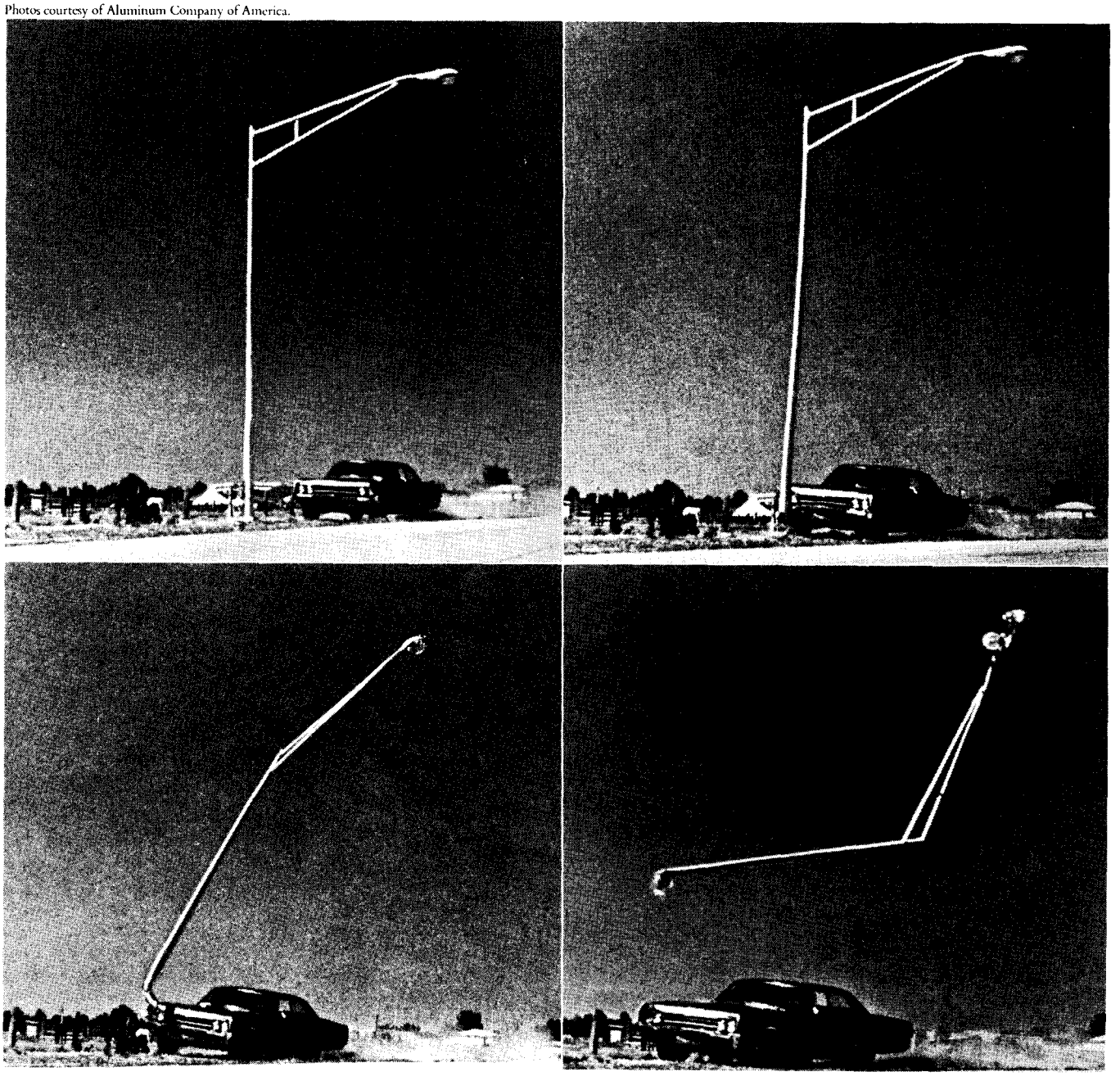

Here's something good that breaks.

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"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, as little as $1985 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earn-

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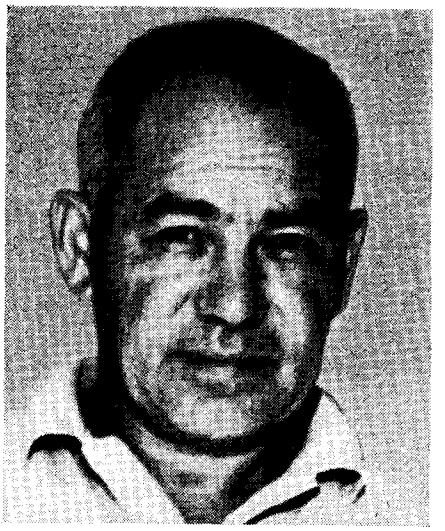
fifty

a true story
by John B. Haikey



ngs. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible —I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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TWILIGHT OF THE NAZI GODS

Final Entries 1945:
The Diaries of Joseph Goebbels
Introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper
Putnam's, 368 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by
W. Warren Wagar

"IN 1928 AND 1929," the late Hajo Holborn, of Yale, once told me, "I used to see copies of *Mein Kampf* in a bookseller's window and smile to myself. Like other Germans at that time, I thought the Hitler movement was finished. I couldn't understand how Hitler had ever been able to achieve anything. Of the top leaders, only Goebbels had a certain appeal."

The appeal of Dr. Joseph Goebbels to young German intellectuals like Holborn is not difficult to fathom. In contrast to the swaggering toughs and the tight-lipped fanatics who composed the bulk of the Nazi leadership, Goebbels was a man of some refinement. Before joining forces with Hitler, he had earned a Ph.D. in literature at Heidelberg and had written several plays and a novel. He became a journalist and propagandist of remarkable skill early in the history of the Nazi party. Goebbels was also, by educated tastes, a better orator than Hitler. His toxic wit, good German, and rich voice made his public speeches curiously effective, although he lacked Hitler's intensity.

Yet, as Holborn and every other discerning German soon discovered, Goebbels lacked something more crucial than intensity. He was a man without true culture or convictions, a petty bourgeois opportunist who fell under Hitler's baleful enchantments and became the most steadfast of his lifelong satraps. The veneer of higher education could not long conceal the awful hollowness within. Anyone who makes his way through the master propagan-

Joseph Goebbels (1931)—"A creature of the void. By contrast, even his Fuehrer had just begun the downward slide to hell."

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dist's voluminous diaries is left with no doubts on that score. Like a C. S. Lewis villain, Joseph Goebbels was a creature of the void, the evil that is nothing positive in itself but only the total absence of authentic being. By contrast, even his Fuehrer had just begun the downward slide to hell.

Final Entries 1945 is a new installment of the Goebbels diaries, covering six of the last weeks of the Second World War, from February 27 to April 9. Part of a much larger collection recently made available to a West German publisher, it contains every word that survives from 1945. Thirty years ago, the American journalist Louis P. Lochner gave us a severely edited version of the 1942–43 entries. Since then, there has also been Helmut Heiber's edition, *The Early Goebbels Diaries, 1925–1926*. Goebbels in fact kept some sort of diary throughout his adult life, in later years intending that it should serve as the basis for a complete, official history of the Third Reich. That he never lived to write such a history is of course a blessing, but the diaries constitute a major primary source for historians of the Hitler era.

The entries of 1945 confirm rather than alter in any radical way our picture of the twilight of the Nazi gods. Each entry begins with a dreary recapitulation of the military news of the day, material that Lochner generally spared his readers. The same phrases are used again and again, but Goebbels never seems to have lost interest in the minutest details of the fighting.

In the rambling comments and diatribes that follow, the current military situation is often discussed a second time. Aping Hitler in this as in so many other ways, Goebbels fancied himself something of a grand strategist. He could not resist belaboring the generals for their supposed mistakes. But the greater part of the entries deal with political matters, both national and international. From his first years with Hitler, he had been as much the politician as the propagandist. He had built the power base of the Nazi party in Berlin, as the city's gauleiter for nearly two decades. He remained a politician to the end.

Like his mentor, Goebbels practiced a politics of hate. In 1945, he more than ever felt himself surrounded by contemptible enemies, whom he could now blame for the imminent collapse of the Reich. His diaries endlessly repeat the charge that the true architects of Germany's ruin were Göring and Von Ribbentrop. The latter had pursued a disastrous and unimaginative foreign policy (albeit at Hitler's direction, a point Goebbels tactfully chose to ignore). Göring, for his part, had made a mess of the air war and the command of the Luftwaffe and had disgraced himself by his dissolute way of life. But there were many other bunglers on Goebbels's list, such as Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi labor boss, and—in the final accounting—most of the generals and party leaders of the Reich. Only Goebbels, a tiny remnant of the faithful (including Colonel-General Schörner, Grand Admiral Dönitz, and Gauleiter Hanke, of Lower Silesia), and the incomparable Hitler himself escaped criticism.

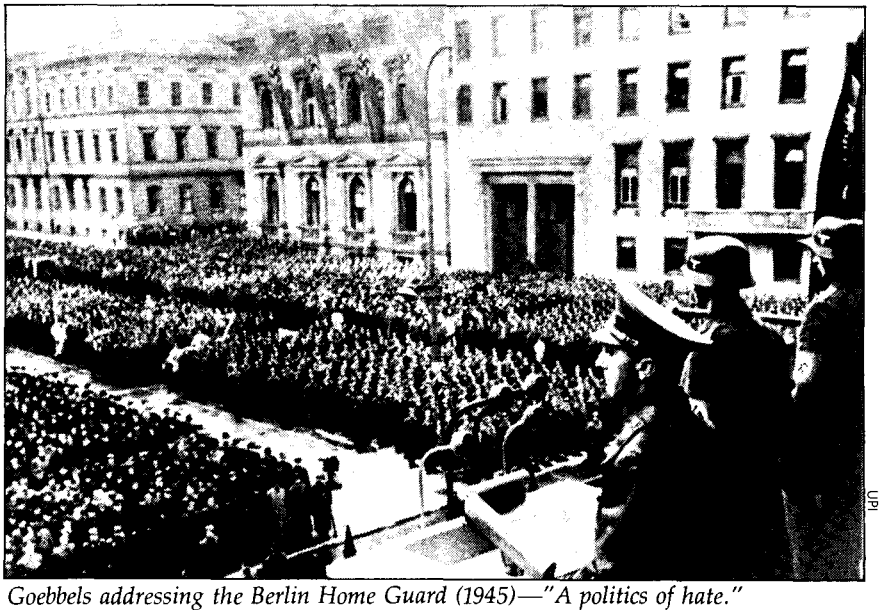
The final entries also devote many pages to the external enemy. Goebbels showed a measure of respect for Stalin because of his courage in adversity and his ruthlessness, but for the Western Allies and their leaders he felt only the deepest scorn. Borrowing from his own propaganda at the time of the Battle of Britain, he denounced Churchill as "the gravedigger of Europe ... a replica of Nero ... a top-class gangster." Montgomery was "a brainless fellow," without heart or emotion, guilty of "unparalleled cynicism." The Americans were Jew-ridden plutocrats, happy to see Europe in ruins. Goebbels dwelt with special delight on intelligence reports of impending labor unrest and political upheavals in the Anglo-Saxon countries, which he half-imagined would end their participation in the war, if Germany could only manage to hold out long enough.

Meanwhile, the propaganda chief frightened himself with thoughts of the atrocities that the merciless enemy perpetrated against Germany almost every day. Russian troops ("the offscourings of the steppes") were responsible for "truly horrifying" outrages that "cannot be repeated in detail." A Hungarian informant told him stories that were "enough to freeze the blood in one's veins." The bombing of Dresden by the Allies early in 1945 was "a real tragedy such as has seldom been seen in the history of mankind and certainly not in the course of this war."

It goes without saying that Goebbels felt no remorse or guilt for Germany's part in the wreckage of Europe. The war was the fault of the Western Powers, which had ruthlessly attacked the Reich without provocation. Blaming the outbreak of hostilities on Germany, he wrote, was like blaming the murder victim for his own death. The Anglo-Americans were simply taking their chance to attempt the plunder and destruction of the Continent. Their Jewish confederates had the same objective.

Although, as Viktor Reimann has pointed out, anti-Semitism did not come naturally to Goebbels in the early days, he soon enough added the Jews to his enemies list and succeeded with his usual facility in parroting Hitler's ideas. In a passage in the diaries worthy of the Fuehrer, he railed against the influence of the Jews on American foreign policy, recommending that anyone in the United States in a position to do so "should kill those Jews off like rats. In Germany, thank God, we have already done a fairly complete job." A day later, we find him deploring the "wicked and thoughtless game" played by the Jews of Palestine, who had called a one-day prayer strike as an expression of sympathy for the victims of the Holocaust. The whole thing was "grotesque."

It is patently impossible to sift the



UPI

Goebbels addressing the Berlin Home Guard (1945)—"A politics of hate."

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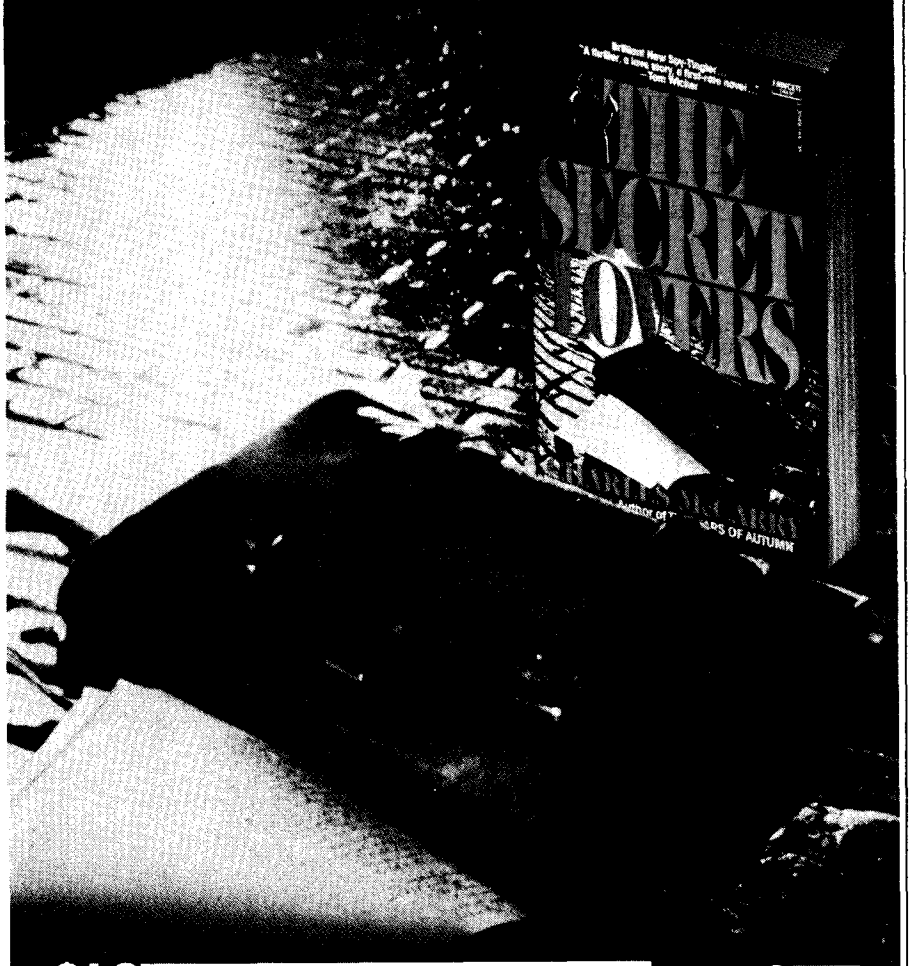

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propaganda from the truth, the willful deception from the self-deception, or the hypocrisy from the nihilism in materials such as these. Goebbels dictated his diary entries to an aide, for possible use in the postwar era. They were quasi-official utterances, not private notes. Evidence such as that provided by Rudolf Semmler, Goebbels's press chief, and Albert Speer, Hitler's armaments minister, indicates Goebbels did not include everything of major importance that was on his mind, especially on the subject of Hitler.

Nevertheless, I am tempted to agree with Helmut Heiber in his biography of Goebbels that the "Reich Minister for Propaganda and National Enlightenment" finally came to believe in his own lies—if not always consciously, then perhaps at a deeper level. The lies, the hate, and the fear were necessary to Goebbels. His paranoia thrived on adversity, on struggle against real and imaginary enemies. Like our own Richard Nixon, he literally could not function without such struggle, waged almost incessantly.

In the result, his public pose as the stalwart National Socialist pitted against a host of internal traitors and fools and an equally mighty host of foreign opponents became in a sense the real Goebbels, more real than the lecherous weakling who also occupied a space inside his psyche. Goebbels grew to darkly great proportions. He was no superman, but he did more than any other Nazi, not excluding Hitler himself, to keep his country fighting against hopeless odds down to the last square kilometer of German soil.

Madmen have their strength. The last words of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, for all their stupefying emptiness and hol-

Wit Twister No. 119

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 69.

The — — — — — —,
fleeing, hid great treasures worth
A prince's — — — — — —
in this fertile earth.
And thus our farms and — — —
— — — sometimes yield
A silver harvest in the golden field.

A.S.

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lowness, furnish significant glimpses of a paranoid liar shaping himself in the image of his own lies. ◉

W. Warren Wagar is chairperson of the history department at SUNY-Binghamton. His latest book is World Views, *a study in modern intellectual history.*

Letters of a Writer's Writer

Selected Letters of Conrad Aiken
Edited by Joseph Killorin
Yale University Press, 360 pp., $15

Reviewed by Harry Levin

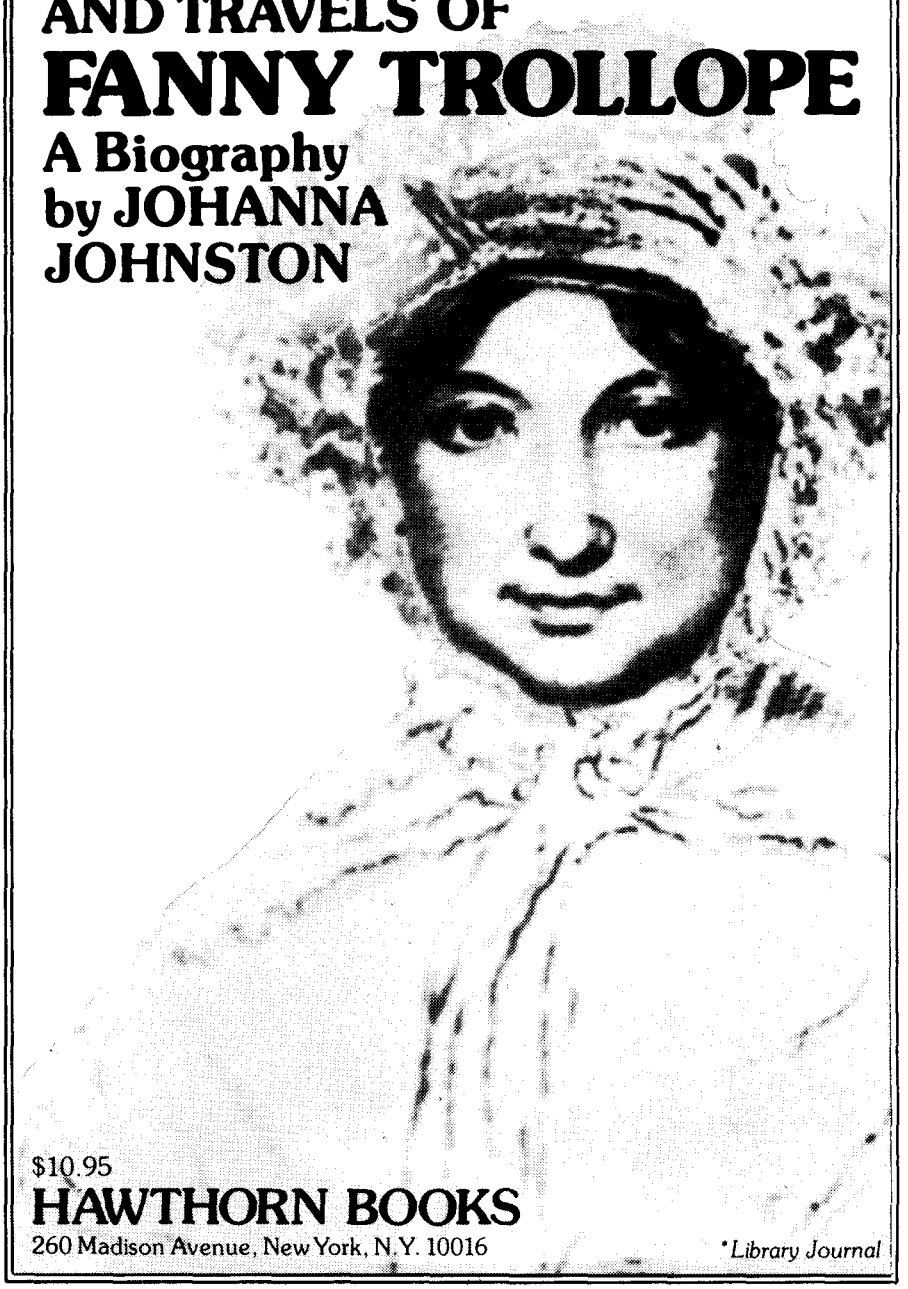
CONRAD AIKEN'S position among our writers was an odd one, as he wryly and repeatedly had reason to observe. "In the Pegasus Sweepstakes . . . ," he once put it, "this dubious horse has always been the last in the list of the also-ran." Gradually accepted though seldom acclaimed, and yet always very highly esteemed by his peers, Aiken ultimately won a few of those laurels that compensate for survival if not for achievement. His long and productive development was shy and uneventful, except for—or rather because of—its horrendous beginning. At the age of eleven, he heard two shots in his parents' bedroom and rushed in to stumble upon their dead bodies. A transplanted New Englander born in Savannah, Georgia, he completed his "great circle" and made his "eternal return" when he died there at eighty-four, in 1973, "back in utero." Depressed in mid-career between the second and the third of his three marriages, he attempted suicide. Happily resurrected, he embarked upon "a posthumous life" that lasted more than 40 fruitful years. It is typical of him that when he left the mental hospital, he went to give aid and comfort to his suicidal fellow poet, John Gould Fletcher.

Voyaging is a continuous leitmotiv in Aiken's first and best novel, *Blue Voyage;* in his nonfiction novel or fictional autobiography, *Ushant;* in his arresting story and play, *Mr. Arcularis;* and so often in his poetic imagery. Homeless in the parental sense, he oscillated between his ancestral Massachusetts (New Bedford, Cambridge, Cape Cod) and the late Henry James's aerie on the English Channel, Rye. He was wary of expatriation, and he had little desire or aptitude for mingling, but he felt that abroad he was freer to realize his own

150 years before it was the fashion, Fanny had the courage to be free.

More than just the mother of Anthony, Fanny Trollope was a best-selling author in her own right; a maverick who refused to be smothered by traditional female roles; the witty intimate of men like Lafayette, Madame de Récamier and Princess Metternich; and a woman who, at 50, moved her family to the wilderness of America, recording her experiences in books that saved her husband from bankruptcy. Full of joy and hope and daring, she led "a full and feisty life."* This is her story.

THE LIFE, MANNERS, AND TRAVELS OF FANNY TROLLOPE
A Biography by JOHANNA JOHNSTON



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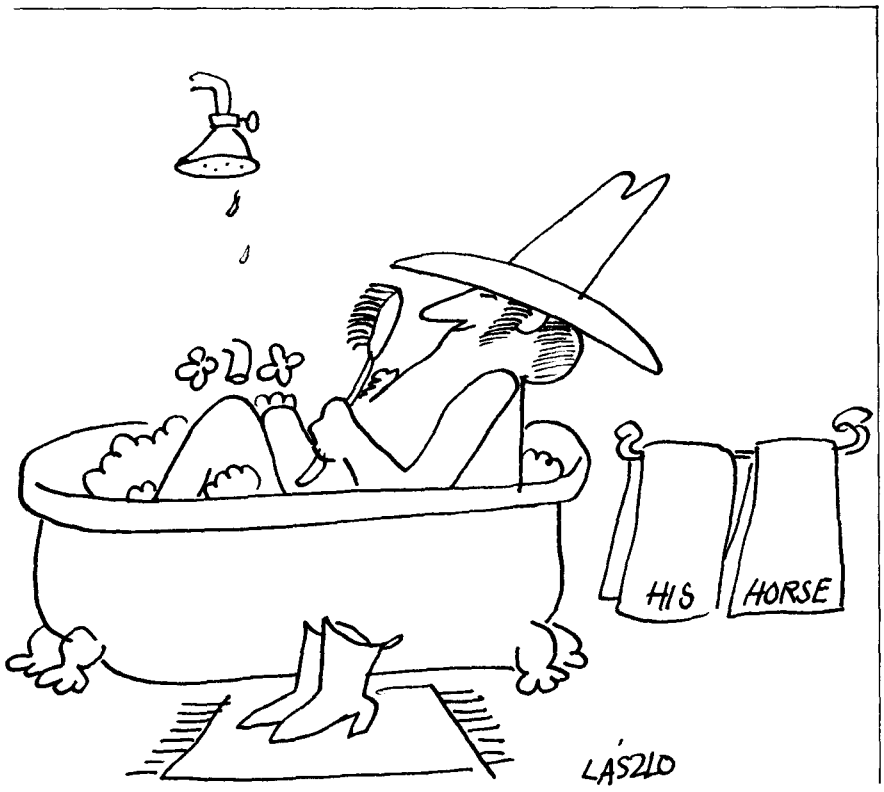
potentialities. "England would be so nice if it was inhabited by Americans!" In America, he preferred Boston to New York as a base of operations, and he steered clear of "the literary crowd," though he had many individual friendships. More and more he thought that poets were to be avoided: "They really stink. Especially in large numbers, when herding." He was consistently independent from the movements with which he was vaguely associated. "Must we share all of Mr. Pound's growing pains with him, page by page?" he asked *Poetry* magazine in 1913. He expressed second thoughts about Imagism to Harriet Monroe, and expounded the merits of rhyme and meter to F. S. Flint.

A forthcoming bibliography will show both the wide range and the sustained continuity of his writing. It did not gain him a living (poetry seldom does that for anyone), but he worked hard to make ends meet with fiction, continual reviewing, potboiling for the WPA, taking apprentice writers as paying guests—even at one point having to sell his first editions. Characteristically, one of his stories best known today, "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," was aimed at *Harper's* for $375 and finally placed in *The Virginia Quarterly* for $75. He complained ruefully to his editor at Scribner's, Maxwell Perkins; but Aiken, despite the subtle psychology of his lyrical novels, was not a Fitzgerald, a Hemingway, or a Wolfe. During two years spent as poet in residence at the Library of Congress, he was uncomfortable amidst the bureaucracy. Nor could he find a haven for his restlessness in the Academy. His lifelong reluctance to appear in public had led him to drop out of Harvard College shortly before his commencement, rather than compose and read aloud a poem for that occasion. Later on he tutored at his alma mater for a single year, and later still he refused an honorary degree from his former student Nathan Pusey, who had become president of Harvard.

The hard-won privacy of Aiken's career lent strength to his artistic integrity. Thus he withdrew from a projected journal because Robert Frost, for shrewdly opportunistic reasons, wanted the editorial board to include the entrepreneurial anthologist Louis Untermeyer. When Random House self-righteously refused to reprint the section from Ezra Pound included in Aiken's own anthology (one of his few publications that drew decent royalties), his objections were unappeased by a publisher's note stating that the excisions had been made against his judgment. Given Aiken's aloof mode of existence, correspondence took on a special importance for him and his friends. In it he is predominantly warm and genial, often playful if sometimes depressed, salting the discourse with occasionally ribald humor, lively doggerel (including a sardonic parody of *The Waste Land*), and joshing colloquialism (somewhat like Pound's but friendlier in tone). Generally speaking, it might be noted that the style is more spontaneous when he is addressing such correspondents as publisher Robert Linscott, bookseller Maurice Firuski, composer Walter Piston, and psychologist Henry Murray. With professional men of letters he tends to be more guarded.



This was peculiarly true in his relations with T. S. Eliot, whose lengthening image so overshadowed Aiken's. Their careers had run parallel since their days at Harvard, where Eliot was one year Aiken's senior. Each of them, independently it seems, had totally changed his initial conception of poetry after picking up a copy of Arthur Symons's book on the Symbolist movement then in the library of the student union. Aiken's earliest poems had been realistic narratives in the Edwardian manner of John Masefield. Aiken himself was first to appreciate the ironic new style of "Prufrock" and was instrumental in recommending it to Pound for publication. But Aiken's own "Senlin" appeared not very much later than "Prufrock" and earlier than Pound's "Mauberley," while Eliot's late *Quartets*—like some of Wallace Stevens's meditations—have qualities previously cultivated by Aiken in his "verbal symphonies." Though Aiken and Stevens were never intimate—Stevens being another kind of private man—their admiration was mutual. The older poet credited Aiken with having stimulated him to resume his writing a decade after *Harmonium*. Aiken's comment upon that first volume was prescient: "I think him as sure of a permanent place as Eliot, if not surer."

Stevens, in his epoch of recognition, would deplore the limited amount that Aiken had received. So would Eliot, who considered him "equally gifted" with himself, and expressed regret at the critics' neglect. Yet, despite their stylistic similarities, Eliot had the flair for catching attention. Aiken was as musical and evocative, but less incisive and quotable. With the ascendancy of Eliot, he felt that their relationship had become increasingly one-sided: There was something in it of Melville's warmth and Hawthorne's coldness. He was deeply offended when Eliot, the Tsetse of *Ushant*, responded to a generous fan letter with a crude joke. Moreover, Aiken raised his eyebrows over "the Great Retreat," Eliot's submission to orthodoxies, "with its smell of mummy and exhaustion." He regarded himself as "a cheerful pessimist," tak-

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ing a biological view of nature and an interest in psychoanalysis—an interest returned by Freud, who was impressed with *Blue Voyage*. Not for nothing was Aiken's book of essays called *Scepticisms*. He was not much interested in politics, though he applauded Kennedy and deplored Nixon. Above all, he hated war and was proud to be exempted from the draft on the grounds—doubted by his Philistine brother—that poetry was work.

The publication of Aiken's letters is welcome indeed, though the present edition can only be taken as a mere sampling. Almost 3,500 were available, according to the editor, Joseph Killorin, a Savannah professor of literature who is preparing a biography. Out of these he selected 245—less than 15 percent. The odds become problematic when he tells us that "Of those unpublished at least a thousand are as interesting as those included," inasmuch as the amateurish editing, the minimal commentary, and the inadequate identification of names do not reinforce our confidence in his capacity for selection. From Aiken's critical college years, for example, there is nothing except a letter about a European vacation. On the other hand, it must be said that nearly everything printed here whets our appetite for more. Because of Aiken's preoccupation with his own psychology, the connections between his life and work were unusually close; and these letters, along with *Ushant*, reveal that linkage. One of them, in response to questions arising from Jay Martin's doctoral research, explicitly distinguishes the "autobiographical element" from the invention in his fiction. But another admonishes the young scholar to allow more leeway for the processes of imagination and language.

As a younger poet, Aiken had criticized the "lack of human warmth" in current poetry but had likewise called for a "psychic distance" from bare actuality. At the crisis of his mid-career, he already felt *vieux jeu*; his high poetic ambitions were unnerved by feelings of "self-distrust and self-disgust." Had he "somehow missed the way"? Or were his contemporaries trying to be "too contemporary"? As for his juniors, well, he had caustic words for "W. H. Whoreden," whom he personally professed to like and respect but whose influence he considered "lethal." He himself was more than once the victim of Randall Jarrell's assaults, and he protested against them as displays of "malicious preciosity and highbrow autointoxication." Aiken was—among so many other things—

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one of the most perceptive critics of his time, and his criticism includes three modest and candid reviews of his own books. He drew comfort—more than he should have needed—from the praise they had been accorded by Marianne Moore and Graham Greene. His very last letter, dictated from his deathbed, was a note to a high school student. The boy had written to express his liking for a poem of Aiken's reprinted in a textbook and skipped over by the teacher. Aiken replied:

No, I don't have any great notion about where I stand as a poet. That will be taken care of by those wiser people who come later on the scene than we do. Thus, as in their turn, those opinions too will be revalued over and over. None of us knows in what direction poetry and those other arts will turn—that's part of the cruel fascination of being interested in the arts as you are, and keeping your head about it.

Posterity not only sorts out the major and minor figures, it realigns them as it revolves. Aiken's muted success, he suggested philosophically, might "make a very entertaining study in the dynamics of a reputation—and how unlike Tom Eliot's." Unlike Emily Dickinson's too, since she wrote without thought of readers. Aiken could agonize over or gossip about the literary stock market, yet he stuck undistractedly to his self-elected and ill-rewarded vocation. He was so punctilious with regard to such traffic that when Amy Lowell died (herself the high priestess of coteries) he tried vainly to withdraw his unfavorable review of her *John Keats*. It is touching to get a glimpse of him in the company of that even more reticent writer E. A. Robinson, trading quips with whores on an English pub crawl. With Malcolm Lowry, who might have fitted more expectably into a setting of this sort, Aiken's difficult role was that of chosen mentor and authorized guardian, bringing out his disciple's talents while gently but firmly curbing his escapades. Furthermore, it may well be one of the ironies divulged by Eliot's forthcoming *Letters* that before he met Pound he had counted most upon Aiken for advice, indeed had looked on him as *"il miglior fabbro."* ◉

Harry Levin is Irving Babbitt Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard University.

Revelations and Prophecies

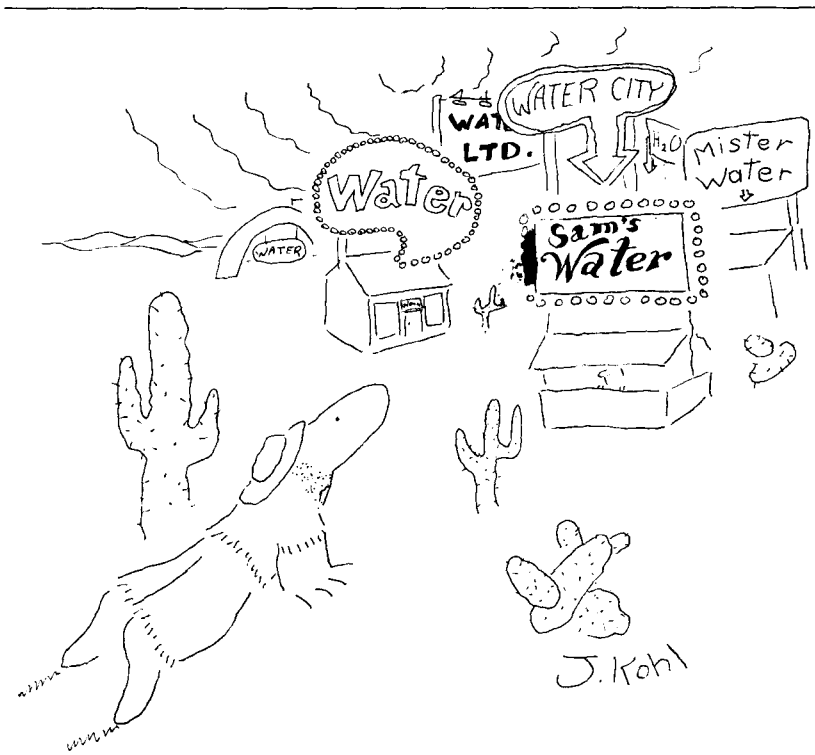
Stories
by Doris Lessing
Knopf, 640 pp., $15

Reviewed by Margaret Drabble

IN ONE of her earlier novels, *A Proper Marriage*, Doris Lessing makes the point that most of us read books with this question in our mind: What does this say about my life? The question has proved to be particularly true of her own work. A generation of readers has waited for her revelations and prophecies, worried over her warnings, drawn comfort from her admissions and knowledge. She has been both mother and seer—venturing ahead, reporting back, occasionally encouraging her flock, occasionally terrifying it with dark predictions, often refusing succor to the needy. A difficult role, inviting—as mothers do—as much blame as praise, particularly from those who most admire and heed her. Rereading her short stories, now published in a fine new collection, one can identify some of the reasons for this peculiar respect and dependence, this sense of personal contact and personal need.

Most important, perhaps, Doris Lessing simply knows so much. Her stock of reliable, solid information about life is enormous; her social range (especially for a writer working in Britain), impressively wide; her interests, human, varied, oddly reassuring. She can write with equal ease of the politics of middle-class marriage, the encounter of a sixteen-year-old boy and an elderly prostitute, the vanities of actresses, the narrow lives of working-class women in East London, the disillusions of the Old Left. She does not guess, she knows. She has been there. Or that is the impression she gives.

One can trust her reporting of clever, calculating Maureen, who starts life behind the counter in her parents' corner shop and ends up with a "good" marriage that already, in view of her aspirations, seems second best; of Jack Orkney, hero of the Old Guard, who is embarrassed to find he is getting religion after his father's death; of a group of workmen watching a woman sunbathing on a roof; of Judith—poet, spinster, mistress—more disturbed by cats than by men. Lessing fills in social background at which most of us can only guess. And more than that, she, like an analyst, is unshockable. She knows the waywardness, the unpredictable selfishnesses, the dark unreason of the human heart; there is nothing too shocking to confide to such a listener, the reader feels. She observes, listens, questions, describes; unlike the novelists of the nineteenth century, she does not appear to judge. One could tell her, surely—as one could not tell one's own limited, shockable mother—of fears and weaknesses, of infidelities, of unreasonable longings. For she makes them seem a normal part of the human lot. In "To Room Nineteen," for example, she can describe the gradual withdrawal and



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eventual suicide of a perfectly normal, reasonable, happily married middle-class wife and mother and make the process seem the most natural and inevitable in the world. It is a story with which thousands of happily married middle-class wives and mothers must feel a sense of desperate identity.

But it is not only the dark things that Lessing knows. She can also write with tender affection of gardens and of shopping, of cooking and of walking among the prams and the old-age pensioners in Regent's Park, of a mother's pleasure in her new baby. She describes happiness and well-being, for such states are possible. Yet in Lessing, they are always precarious, the gift of grace rather than the reward of effort. Her knowledge is a double-edged comfort. In a way it is good to know that every marriage is balanced so finely on a knife-edge of disaster that one casual embrace, or an evening's perversity, can destroy years of happy and loyal understanding; for does not this lessen guilt, responsibility, blame? Though at the same time, it takes away our freedom rather than restoring it to us. Our first breath of relief in discovering that others before us have behaved oddly, defied custom, wanted the illicit, tends to turn chill when the larger pattern emerges from such stories as "A Man and Two Women," "One off the Short List," "Wine," "Not a Very Nice Story." We are not free at all, we are puppets; but the play is different from the one our mothers wrote for us—we are less consciously familiar with its rules. We have admitted to them less, but they are there notwithstanding, and we are all living by them. At any moment, the ax could fall, the curtain close.

One of the stories sums up this sense of precariousness and manages to keep a delicate balance between the two states. "Dialogue" voices directly the fear that even at our best moments, we are nothing but "flies buzzing in the sun" and that any transitory sense of happiness or well-being we may experience is either a mere physical quirk or an undeserved and unjustifiable self-delusion, a living off "the fat of your ancestors, the fat of their belief." The story opens with a woman in her fortieth year walking through a London street market, enjoying the sights, the sounds, the friendly greetings, the neat arrangements of vegetables—seeing everything irradiated by "the irrepressible good nature of the flesh." She thinks that:

Her serenity was a fairly recent achievement. Wrong word: it had not been tried for; but it seemed as if years of pretty violent

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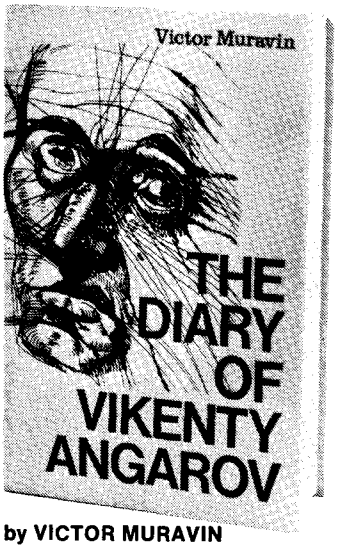

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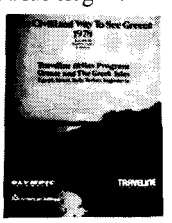

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emotion, one way or another, had jelled or shaken into a joy which welled up from inside her independent of the temporary reactions—pain, disappointment, loss—for it was stronger than they. Well, would it continue? Why should it? It might very well vanish again, without explanation, as it had come. Possibly this was a room in her life; she had walked into it, found it furnished with joy and well-being, and would walk through and out again into another room, still unknown and unimagined.

During the course of the 12 pages of the story, the woman walks out of joy into an infection of nihilism and destruction and out into joy again. After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Lessing tells us too much. She tells us of the shining of the green leaves and of the warmth of the sun, but she makes us live in terror: The all-wise, all-knowing mother-analyst tells us, "Go away now, live your own life, you are grown up and on your own." No wonder some of her disciples have felt betrayed.

Others react differently. Some years ago, I discussed one of these stories in class with a group of adult students. One woman, an American a little older than myself and very much a woman of the world, expressed surprise that the rest of us were so deeply impressed. "You see, I feel I know it all already. I've been there before, I know these people; to me, it is just reporting," she said. I have thought about that remark a great deal and about our subsequent conversations on this theme. It is true that that woman could indeed have imparted much of the information that the rest of us, younger or from more circumscribed lives, had taken to be "new." Clearly Lessing had not invented a world or even a way of looking at it, for what we felt when reading her was recognition. She was one of the first to report on (to paraphrase her own words from *The Golden Notebook*) an area of experience not yet made available to the general literate consciousness. But other literate people like my American friend had been inhabiting that area for decades. To her, it was familiar territory. Why then did it strike the rest of us as both familiar and new? Was it something to do with the slowness of our recognition of reality, or had Lessing achieved and formulated insights that were genuinely original and different from those of earlier writers? I tend to think the latter, though I believe she herself is unsure how far we are part of a continuing tradition of struggle, how far we are "living the kinds of lives that women have never lived before."

However one views it, these stories, painfully and even at times inelegantly honest, are reports from the vanguard, even though some of them date from 1953, when it was a matter of astonishment to find that a beer could cost nearly 10 shillings. As a journalist, as an observer, Lessing notices those obvious things that are never mentioned in print, sees the drama in situations neglected in fiction. This in itself is original insight and makes her a true historian.

But she is more than a historian. It is less easy to write of her role as mystic and prophet, which has become more pronounced in her longer fiction lately but which is also marked in many of these stories. She documents what she sees, but she also trusts more than most writers do in dreams and intuition. It is the combination of the two gifts that makes her one of the great writers of our time. Her capacity for dreaming significantly is particularly noticeable in her later novels. Here, in one of the shortest stories, "A Room," she describes her technique of dream research, the "thin and extraordinary" sleep of the afternoon, which is contrasted with a dream so solid and real that she thinks she is awake and that she has entered the wartime dream or memory of some other person, some other consciousness.

Reading Lessing's fiction—her intuitive evocation of the consciousness of an old tramp woman, a schoolgirl, an aging politician—one is convinced that she does possess some power beyond the normal operation of the imagination. The dreams of Jack Orkney, explicable though they may be in Freudian terms, lead into other areas of knowledge; so do normal Mrs. Rawlings's visions of a ginger-haired devil with ugly yellow boots. Symbolism? Imagery? Yes, of course, but also something more than that. Many of the earlier stories foreshadow the shifting realities and time scale of *Memoirs of a Survivor*, techniques that so often indicate laziness or confusion in lesser writers. In Lessing, the dreams and visions have the solidity of every day. Even the most artificial device—such as the one used in the story about the woman who finally lost her heart and found it stuck to her hand, where she had to wrap it up with tinfoil—has a haunting, hard-edged, horrible clarity. There is nothing fuzzy, nothing evasive about this dreamworld; it has the intellectual rigor of hard reporting.

Anna Wulf in *The Golden Notebook* speaks of the power of the imagination and says, "We have to believe in our own beautiful, impossible blueprints."

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Lessing's blueprints are so clear, her models of disaster, so convincing, that it is no wonder that we fear her, that we implore her to do the work for us, to imagine a better future. She is a writer of genius. We should not ask for more than that; but, inevitably, we do. We can be grateful at least that these stories are as startling, as relevant, and as satisfying as when they were written. They are here for all time. ◉

Margaret Drabble is the author most recently of The Ice Age.

Books in Brief

An Ethnic at Large: A Memoir of America in the Thirties and Forties

by Jerre Mangione
Putnam, 384 pp., $12.50

Jerre Mangione's autobiography contains two ingredients much valued in our culture nowadays: ethnicity and gossip. Mangione, the son of Sicilian immigrants living in Rochester, New York, found early that his foreign heritage made him an outsider in America and even set hostile social prejudices against him. After struggling to cast off that heritage, Mangione discovered at age thirty-five, with the publication of his first book (about the Sicilians), that his heritage held him fast and would require him always to maintain a balance between the two cultures to which he was bound.

As to Mangione's life story during those 35 years (at which point the narrative ends), it combines historical interest and trivia. As a gifted young writer in the early 1930s, Mangione was drawn to Greenwich Village, then teeming with partisans of Marxist politics, literary aspirants, and people with uninhibited ways of life. Yet being no true bohemian, he worked his way through several menial jobs to stable and influential positions—first as an editor, then as an official of the Federal Writer's Project, and during World War II, as a publicist for the Alien Internment Program, which he modestly defends. Although Mangione's sympathies invariably lay with the downtrodden, he led a varied and spirited existence. There were dinners at the White House with the Roosevelts; encounters with such cultural lights as Pirandello, Saroyan, Thornton Wilder, and "Jelly Roll" Morton; a visit to Mussolini's Italy; amorous relationships with unnumbered mistresses.

Mangione records all of this with the amused detachment that bespeaks a confident, outgoing manner, a calm spirit, and freedom from the memoirist's common vice: narcissism. Yet for all his literary appeal, Mangione seems to have wrung his memory dry of anecdotes and incidents, with the result that his life story tilts sharply to the side of trifling reminiscences that bring only lazy entertainment.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

The Undying Grass

by Yashar Kemal
Translated by Thilda Kemal
Morrow, 322 pp., $10.95

Born in a typical village, Yashar Kemal must have been tempted to write a polemic on peasant life in Turkey. His observations and experiences have turned him into a political activist who has accumulated a lifetime's store of raw anger against the villainous moneylenders and landlords. If Kemal had written a manifesto, he might have allowed himself some optimism—for pure politics, unlike fiction, presumes change and hope. Yet a novel was the more difficult choice, and *The Undying Grass* proves that art can be as rousing as the soapbox.

Through myth, gossip, and plain storytelling, Kemal gives a sense of the villagers' despondency and of the soothing routines of their existence. No one in Yalak plots social reform or excites ferment. Irrationality and acceptance accompany the daily chores. As the villagers make their annual journey down to the Chukurova Plain to pick cotton, they feel no resentment toward the humans who keep them impoverished but rather curse the burning sun and the mosquitoes and the rains that may ruin the crop. They seek salvation not through organizing but through primitive religion: They are so badly in need of a saint that they canonize the mangy Tashbash. When prayer fails, they turn upon one another in spite. The persecution of Long Ali, the village's swiftest cotton picker, reveals the gratuitous, desperate violence that Kemal sees everywhere.

This, Kemal tells us in a voice frighteningly lacking in wonder, is how life has always been in countless moldering villages. This is how the villages continue and how they may remain forever. When the landlord arrives (with his paunch and the inevitable Mercedes) to dole out the meager wages, no guerrilla band swoops down from just over the hill. Such happy endings belong to the theorists. *The Undying Grass* is as chilling and realistic a portrayal of Third World village society as we are likely to get.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

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TRADE WINDS

Children's Books: Best of the Season

by William Cole

EACH SEASON, by some magic, one children's book turns up that far outshines all the others. Last fall, it was Peter Spier's *Noah's Ark*, which, I'm happy to say, went on to win the Caldecott Award, the top prize for picture books; in the spring of 1977, I raved about *The Bear Who Wanted to Be a Bear*, by that heavily umlauted Swiss team, Jörg Steiner and Jörg Müller. And I can think back to a year that had a Steig—always an event—and one with Shel Silverstein's poems. This spring is much like any previous one: It has brought one masterpiece of a book, a handful of really fine ones, 30 or 40 that either are painlessly informative or tell good stories, and a bunch of *dreck*. Oddly, there's been an influx of books by Japanese authors and quite a few wordless ones.

From Jeremiah in the Dark Woods.

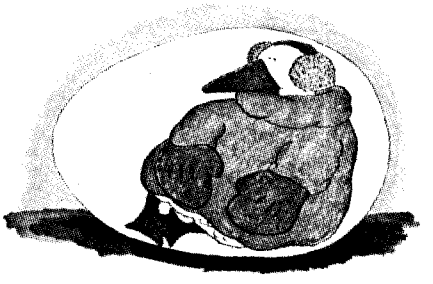
For Older Children (Roughly Eight to Eleven)

The best book of the season—it will be a classic forever—is a wordless book by a Japanese, *Anno's Journey*, by Mitsumasa Anno (Collins+World, $6.95). A man in a rowboat arrives on a coast, purchases a horse, and rides it through 20 greatly detailed spreads of northern European villages, market squares, and rural scenes. The book moves chronologically from the Age of the Horse to the Age of Steam. Anno is playful: Look carefully and you'll find a bust of Beethoven in a window, a Ping-Pong game in progress, Don Quixote and windmill, and reproductions of the "Bridge at Arles," "The Angelus," and other great works of art. I've been through the book four times, and I'm sure I've still missed a lot. A bargain, and a wonderful look at the way people live. For children eight to eleven. And me. And you...

From Pancakes for Breakfast.

There are some good, informative books about animals. *Rounds with a Country Vet*, by Richard B. McPhee (Dodd, Mead, $6.95), follows in text and photos a young vet in upstate New York dairy country. He gets rather more intimate with animals than I'd care to, and some of the pictures are unsettling, but the book is real. ○ *Horse and Pony Care in Pictures*, by Edward Holmes, illustrated by Eric Kincaid (Arco, paper $4.95), tells and shows everything from tack and togs to currying and jumping. ○ Someday I hope to see an example of the creature celebrated in *The Barn Owl*, by Phyllis Flower, illustrated by Cherryl Pape (Harper & Row, $4.95). The book tells how these mysterious night swoopers bring up a family. ○ *The Gray Kangaroo at Home*, by Margaret Rau, illustrated by Eva Hülsmann (Knopf, $5.95), is a clever and informative book about the strange hoppers from birth to death, alongside such novelties as the koala, the numbat, the quokka, and the kookaburra. ○ *A Spider Might*, written and illustrated by Tom Walther (Sierra Club/Scribner's, $6.95 cloth, $4.95 paper), explains things spiders can do that we can't, such as squirting out threads into rising air currents and "ballooning." Cleverly done. ○ That talented team of Carol and Donald Carrick take an unlikely chap and turn him into a sympathetic character in *Octopus* (Clarion/Seabury, $6.95). Did you know that octopuses can change color and raise bumps of contentment?

Here are a couple of true stories and some made-up ones. *A Curiosity for the Curious*, by Helen Reeder Cross, illustrated by Margot Tomes (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $7.95), tells how Hachaliah Bailey, of Somers, New York, imported the first elephant to America in the early 1800s and exhibited it all over New England, travel-



From MacGooses' Grocery.

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ing by night so people wouldn't get a free look. ○ *Along Came the Model T!: How Henry Ford Put the World on Wheels*, by Robert Quackenbush (Parents', $6.50), shows what makes a car go. Did you know that a Tin Lizzie cost only $380 in 1927? ○ Here's a charming tale, *Jeremiah in the Dark Woods*, by Janet and Allan Ahlberg (Viking, $6.95), in which Jeremiah's grandmother makes some tarts and then they're stolen. The lad is sent into the woods to find the thief, and in the course of his adventures he meets the Mad Hatter, Goldilocks and the three bears, Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, and a dinosaur. Very inventive. ○ Edward Packard has done something new in *Deadwood City*, illustrated by Barbara Carter (Lippincott, $6.95). He begins his story with our hero riding into a western town, and *then* he offers his readers alternative twists of plot. Take your pick. (An earlier book by the same team, *Sugar Cane Island*, is just out in an Archway/Pocket Books paperback for $1.25.) ○ Ten good stories about kings and queens, today's rarities, are in *A Book of Kings and Queens*, by skilled folklorist Ruth Manning-Sanders (Dutton, $7.95). Magic, spells, and monsters—and lovely illustrations by Robin Jacques. ○ Kids will have a jolly time with *Eddie Spaghetti*, by Edward Frascino (Harper & Row, $5.95), a mischievous Italian-American boy in Yonkers, New York, in the 1940s. He does things like punch extra holes in the piano roll of "Tea for Two," and his mother yells and hits him. Such things *did* happen. ○ The primitive illustrations are strong in *Peter Pitseolak's Escape from Death* (Delacorte, $7.95), written and illustrated by Peter Pitseolak, an Eskimo, before his death, in 1973. The book, with introduction and editing by Dorothy Eber, is the true adventure of a hunter and his son blown off course in a boat with a dead outboard motor. ○ Two docents, Kate Sedgwick and Rebecca Frischkorn, found that kids appreciate a painting more if they are told something of its background. They've taken 21 famous paintings featuring children (Manet's "The Fifer," Wyeth's "Faraway"), added stories, true and otherwise, in *Children in Art* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95). ○ I need say little about three good, informative books that might point a child toward a career if he's so inclined: *Bridges*, by Scott Corbett, illustrated by Richard Rosenblum (Four Winds, $6.95); *The Dam Builders*, by James E. Kelly and William R. Park, drawings by Herbert E. Lake (Addison-Wesley, $6.95); and *Pete's House*, a photo-text book that follows the building of a house, by Harriet Langsam Sobol, photos by Patricia Agre (Macmillan, $7.95). ○ "Our auld dog,/He doesn't mind,/He'll knock off your dinner,/Then bite your behind." That's a street rhyme from *What Do You Feed Your Donkey On?: Rhymes from a Belfast Childhood*, collected by Colette O'Hare, illustrated by Jenny Rodwell (Collins+ World, $6.95). Lovely, moody pictures of that dreary city.

For Younger Children (Roughly Three to Eight)

One Old Oxford Ox, by Nicola Bayley (Jonathan Cape/Atheneum, $6.95), is the most glowingly illustrated book of the season. Bayley has executed detailed drawings for a dozen alliterative sentences taken from an old counting rhyme: "Six sportsmen shooting snipe" shows—with complete success—six russet foxes in a swamp. ○ Edward Lear's rhyme *The Pobble Who Has No Toes* has been illustrated by Kevin W. Maddison (Studio/Viking, $5.95) in full, delicate color, with the principals dressed in Victorian costume. One of the onlookers to the Pobble's problem is Lear himself, in first-rate caricature. ○ Patricia Lee Gauch has extrapolated from an old folk song in *On to Widecombe Fair*, illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman (Putnam's, $7.95). The pictures are detailed, lively, and funny, and the text of the song about Tom Pearse, Bill Brewer, and the rest of that gang is included. ○ *Cock-A-Doodle-Doo*, by Juliet Kepes (Pantheon, $6.95), is for the youngest children. A brightly colored tale in which a chick, a la Konrad Lorenz, thinks a tiger is his mother and

From One Old Oxford Ox.

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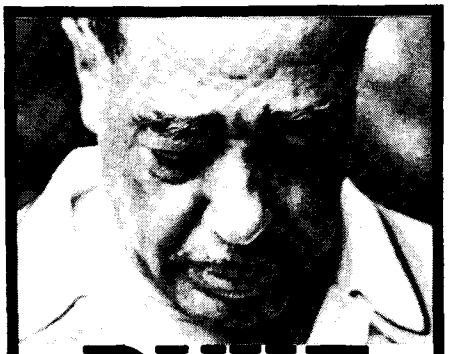

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follows her around. ○ Prolific Tomie de Paola brings us *Pancakes for Breakfast* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95 cloth, $1.95 paper), a wordless story in which a sweet old lady sets out to make pancakes only to find she's missing most of the ingredients. So a neighbor helps out. ○ The same author/illustrator also brings us *The Popcorn Book* (Holiday House, $6.95), full of how-to and what-is-it information. The Colonists ate popcorn in cream for breakfast. "Old maids" are unpopped kernels. Like that. Instructions for popping. ○ Illustrator James Marshall is another busy man, appearing this season with *MacGooses' Grocery* (Dial, $5.95), text by Frank Asch, and *The Stupids Have a Ball* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), text by Harry Allard. In the first tale, we have a store run by the MacGoose family, an egg who complains about the temperature, a sign advertising "cream of june bug soup," and nonsense of that sort, adding up to a good time. In the second story, the Stupids give a party to which Father comes as General George Washing Machine and Mother wears "some beautiful spaghetti." And Grandfather comes down the chimney dressed as the Easter Bunny. All-out humor, and good. ○ *Fables You Shouldn't Pay Any Attention To*, by Florence Parry Heide and Sylvia Worth Van Clief, pictures by Victoria Chess (Lippincott, $6.95), is a cheerfully cynical book of tales in which the good guys come out on bottom, indolence pays, and the truthful child gets spanked. Good training for the future. ○ *The Bear Who Liked Hugging People*, by Ruth Ainsworth, illustrated by Antony Maitland (Scribner's, $6.95), contains 13 stories about bears, mermaids, pussycats. All well told and illustrated in such a way that you *have* to read the stories. ○ *Backstage*, by Robert Maiorano and Rachel Isadora (Greenwillow, $5.95), is a sparsely texted story of a little girl entering a stage door and going through the many backstage rooms till she arrives in the costume room. Kids interested in ballet and theater will love it. ○ *The Frog Band and Durrington Dormouse*, by Jim Smith (Little, Brown, $6.95), is an oversized, richly illustrated story in the Rip Van Winkle vein. A witch puts Dormouse to sleep, and he awakens years later to find a wicked fox messing about with his estate. Rural England. ○ I loved *Garth Pig and the Ice Cream Lady*, by Mary Rayner (Atheneum, $8.95), in which Garth is kidnapped by a wicked wolf disguised as an ice-cream vendor. His nine siblings rescue him. ○ Peter

Continued on page 66

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The Collectors

by Doris Grumbach

BOOK COLLECTORS are animated by a variety of passions. Some collect books because of their rarity and the difficulty involved in obtaining them; others, because they have a fondness for an author or an affection for a period; still others, because a subject fascinates them. They all invariably enjoy the pleasures of the chase. They love to come upon a "find" that dealers have missed or have mistakenly underpriced because they have not recognized its true value. Every avid collector has a story about a book marked a dollar and worth fifty that he found in an out-of-the-way spot. Antiquarian fairs however are not the places for such thrills: Dealers who exhibit at them know what they have and precisely what every volume is worth in the open market.

What people collect has always interested me. Wayward Books of which I am a half owner exhibited at the third Antiquarian Book Fair, held early this spring in Rosslyn, Virginia. While there, we were asked for books on lace, mushrooms, fans, bats, caves. The owner of a Washington art gallery is interested only in books that are photographically illustrated. One young man collects books on the circus and bought the only one we had on hand, a life of *The Mighty Barnum*. A young doctor whose interest is arctic exploration bought our beautiful copy of Sir William Parry's *Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*, and my partner was desolate at seeing it go. It was a book we had bid for successfully at Christie's, in London, and it represented our only victory over such book giants as Magg's and Dawson's, who were bidding against us. "All our pretty ones," my partner mourned, echoing Macduff. Her attitude is not uncommon among antiquarian booksellers, who like to make money but are often loath to part with their best books.

To our booth came a collector of Lafcadio Hearn and another whose want list read: Edwin Drood items, Blackmore, and Thomas Love Peacock. We were asked for books on scrimshaw and whaling and on fashion magazines of the nineteenth century; for anything on Francis Scott Key, plant distribution, the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and Lithuanian history; and for editions of *Pilgrim's Progress* and The Book of Common Prayer. Also for anything about Haiti. One collector wanted nothing but Byron; another was looking for books by Ronald Firbank and by Evelyn Waugh.

The seller of out-of-print books quickly becomes aware of literary fashions. We not only see the oddities that collectors fasten on but we also learn what authors are still selling well in their original editions. William Faulkner and F. Scott Fitzgerald are in great demand, but Henry James and Ernest Hemingway are not—except for their very early and/or scarce works. Edith Wharton brings very little. Ironically, the exception is her *The Decoration of Houses*, which has sold well since 1897 and which has just been reprinted by Norton. First editions of Ian Fleming's James Bond novels go fast, but not those of Robert Graves or the Sitwells. Salvador Dali's illustrated books, Ben Shahn's, and Rockwell Kent's are much sought after. Wesleyan University Press has noticed the enduring popularity of Kent and is reissuing a beautifully faithful facsimile of *N by E* (1930) this spring.

Illustrated books still attract attention: At least three dealers at the fair had original, signed, and limited editions of books illustrated by Arthur Rackham. And perhaps because of a renewed interest in the small press, books on the printing arts are much in demand.

The customers are fun, but the great pleasure of the book business is the company of fellow bookmen and -women. True, a few are nasty little foxes out for every cent, but most are not. On the whole, there is no more knowledgeable, decent, agreeable, and entertaining group of business people. At the booth next to ours—run by a young man named David O'Neal and his wife, who have a book business adjoining their home in Peterborough, New Hampshire—I saw four extraordinary incunabula (books printed before 1501) and a fine leaf from the Gutenberg Bible (c. 1455). Across the aisle, Barry Weidenkeller, from Arlington, Massachusetts, who calls his business The Printer's Devil, had an interesting collection of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century volumes on medicine and science. Edward Lefkowicz's booth contained only books on the sea, on islands, and on nautical science—all in beautiful shape, all fascinating. Peter Stern was showing his collection of detective fiction and Sherlockiana; a number of dealers had antique maps and atlases; and Whitlocks was interested in early books in fine bindings.

A good percentage of the thousands who went to the fair left with books under their arms. Most of the 49 exhibitors were pleased with their sales, and the people from Concord Hill School, in Chevy Chase, Maryland, were happy with the proceeds they received from the admission fee (this year 2,000 people paid $2 apiece to enter) and from the booth fee paid by the dealers. The exit from the exhibition hall was guarded by a tall young man who was not influenced by the wares. During the short lulls in his duties, he immersed himself in a ragged paperback entitled *Coma*. And as we were packing up to leave, the last visitor to our booth, the wife of a fellow bookseller from Newark, Delaware, left us with her want list: anything about the gingerbread man. Just that, nothing more.

...And I Worked at the Writer's Trade (Viking, $12.50) contains graceful, discursive chapters on literary history from 1918 to the present that reflect Malcolm Cowley's own critical experience and his personal knowledge of writers. Cowley's endurance as a commentator on the writers of his time is due to his keen critical eye and his unfailing good taste. In these essays, most of which have appeared before but which are now updated with footnotes and bridging sections, we see his kindly distrust of his critic's trade. His discussion of "the sapping and pruning" of Ernest Hemingway's reputation by reviewers, his piece on the neglect of the poet S. Foster Damon, his defense of the art of storytelling (to which he thinks critics are indifferent), and his recollection of his pleasure when Erskine Caldwell's popularity was restored through paperback editions "long after the critics had forgotten" his work all elevate the power of the writer and lower that of the reviewer, which perhaps is as it should be. At eighty, Cowley is still well worth reading and rereading; this volume gives us that pleasant opportunity. ◉

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EDITORIAL: BACK TO BIKINI

OBSCURED BY the clutter of government news releases is the recent announcement of the U.S. Department of the Interior that people who have been living on Bikini Island in the Pacific Ocean will have to be evacuated. The reason is that government scientists have discovered that the series of atomic-test explosions on or near the island some years ago has resulted in persistently high levels of radioactive strontium, cesium, and plutonium.

The U.S. government had originally moved the Micronesian native population out of the area in 1946 in order to clear the way for the atomic tests. Then, 20 years later, the United States moved them back again after giving the island a thorough scrubbing to rid it of radioactive debris and other contaminated materials. Thousands of new coconut trees were planted by way of highlighting the statement of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission that the island was ready for resettlement and that virtually all the radioactivity had been dissipated or removed.

Now another branch of government has discovered that the AEC's decision to resettle the Micronesians on Bikini was based on a false evaluation and that the island probably will not be safe for human habitation for a half century or more. And so the native population is going to be moved out again. There is no way, however, of moving the radioactive strontium out of human bone and tissue.

Nothing is more important for the American people than to try to put themselves in the position of the Micronesians. Would we be content to give up our homes and move far away just because a more powerful nation told us to do so? And if we were told that the reason we were being moved out was that our island was needed to test explosives that could put an end to life on earth, would we feel we were making a noble sacrifice?

What it comes down to is that we had the power to move the Micronesians around and they lacked the power to stop us. There was no moral principle underlying our action. There was only the power to carry it out. And if we say that only 500 people were involved, we are saying in effect that morality is a matter of numbers, not of justice or compassion.

I was at the first of the Bikini Island atomic explosions in 1946. Even then it was apparent that we were worshiping the bomb, putting it above our history, our traditions, our purpose as a nation, and even the exercise of the rational intelligence. We were spending tens of millions of dollars to find out whether battleships could stand up under a nuclear attack. Yet even in its own terms, the test was largely unscientific. The air force wanted to get into the act and demanded that it be allowed to drop the bomb from a plane in flight; and the plan for a stationary detonation was scuttled. The drop by the air force, however, was erratic, exploding over open sea about a half mile from the target.

The "results" of the test were officially used to pooh-pooh the predictions by atomic scientists concerning radioactive hazards. One of the battleships housed live animals; the fact that they were still alive was used as proof that the radioactive dangers of the bomb had been badly exaggerated by those who wanted to outlaw the bomb. Indeed, one of the most bizarre aspects of the Bikini test was the sight of Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal swimming in the lagoon in order to dramatize the supposed absence of lethal radioactivity.

What makes the total situation so tragic and ominous is that American nuclear policy today continues to come off the same quixotic spool. The implications of atomic warfare are still being minimized or tailored. The lethal notion persists that American security is somehow related to superior stockpiles of nuclear weapons. We have yet to accept the stark fact that the bomb is an instrument of international suicide.

The biggest lesson to be learned from the Bikini tests—and from the bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki—is that true security depends not on the accumulation of nuclear force but on the control of nuclear force. Once the bombs go off, no security system will mean anything; we all will be huddled under the same tiny umbrella, trying to protect ourselves against a hurricane of radioactive fire.

Another lesson we are painfully learning is that the failure a quarter century ago to head off a world atomic armaments race is exacting its penalties today. In the late 1950s, the United States and the Soviet Union were engaged in the wholesale testing of nuclear explosives, infecting the sky with poisonous radioactive materials and exposing many millions of people to radioactive fallout. At the time, the United States disparaged arguments against nuclear testing, claiming that the fallout hazards were practically nonexistent. In recent months, fallout from Chinese atmospheric tests has been detected in the United States and Canada. As a consequence, the American people are now indignant about the fact that another nation, in the furtherance of its military might, has the arrogance to expose us to radiation hazards.

The issue involved in nuclear testing 20 years ago is not too different from the issue of the neutron bomb today; namely, can we anticipate the train of events that will lead to a situation that will actually undermine our security later? It is in the national interest today to use our head start in developing the neutron bomb to seek world control of the weapon before its inevitable proliferation elsewhere.

The trouble with the neutron bomb is not just that it kills people and spares property but that it pushes us in the wrong direction. At a time when we should be extending ourselves in an attempt to reverse the world's nuclear momentum, we are extending the nuclear capability. We are refining our destructiveness but dulling our sensitivities. The neutron bomb will not inhibit but will increase the likelihood that "conventional" nuclear explosives will be used. If the neutron bombs go off, the impetus on both sides for applying all nuclear power available could be unstoppable.

A. L. Rowse, the English historian, said that the great tragedies in history all had one thing in common: The people involved had no idea what was happening to them. The place to find out what has been happening to us is Bikini Island. —N.C.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

"The Toilet Papers": An Appreciation

by Thomas H. Middleton

I HAVE A BOOK by Sim Van der Ryn called *The Toilet Papers*, which is a title that virtually guarantees it a place several miles from the nearest best seller list. The first time I plucked it off the rack, I said, "What a repulsive title" and put the book back. Now, having read it, I see that my initial reaction was a bit foolish, though understandable. Unfortunately, my reaction was, I think, typical of what most people's initial reaction would be. That's a shame, because the book and its ramifications are important.

The Toilet Papers is subtitled *Designs to Recycle Human Waste and Water: Dry Toilets, Greywater Systems and Urban Sewage*. I first saw the book displayed at the Los Angeles Sports Arena during the New Earth Exposition. What moved me to go to the sports arena was less the New Earth Exposition itself than the fact that the major attraction at the exposition was to be a display organized by Tom Javits and his coworkers. Tom is my son (really my stepson, which explains the difference in surnames). During the week of the exposition, my wife, Jeannie, and I housed, every night, from 9 to 13 guests between twenty and thirty years old. In our house, that meant wall-to-wall sleeping bags, an enormous resurgence of youthful exuberance around us, not much sleep, and about a week of nervous collapse as the house sagged back to normal. It was worth every crippled reflex.

The display Tom and his friends erected at the sports arena was a walk-through reproduction of the essential particulars of the Integral Urban House, in Berkeley, which, according to one piece of their literature, "is a project of the Farallones Institute, conceived for the purpose of researching and demonstrating elements of self-reliance in habitat design, food production, energy generation, and waste recycling."

Their exhibit showed, among other things, various techniques of solar heating; the recycling of garbage as compost; the raising of rabbits, chickens, and vegetables for food; and a small pond containing trout and crayfish. The pond is purified and aerated by a windmill made of three oil drums sliced in half vertically and mounted in offset position on three platforms. A breeze of five miles per hour from any direction will turn the windmill and work the pump.

Positioned over the fishpond is a beehive that yields well over 100 pounds of honey annually. In the course of a year, hundreds of thousands of bees die, and a great number of them fall into the pond, providing a part of the fishes' diet.

That's how the Integral Urban House works: Very little is wasted—not even human wastes. This is where *The Toilet Papers* comes in. Van der Ryn recommends the ecologically practical dry toilet, which processes human wastes naturally, so that in time they become clean fertilizer and can be utilized rather than flushed and added to the pollution of our rivers and coastal waters.

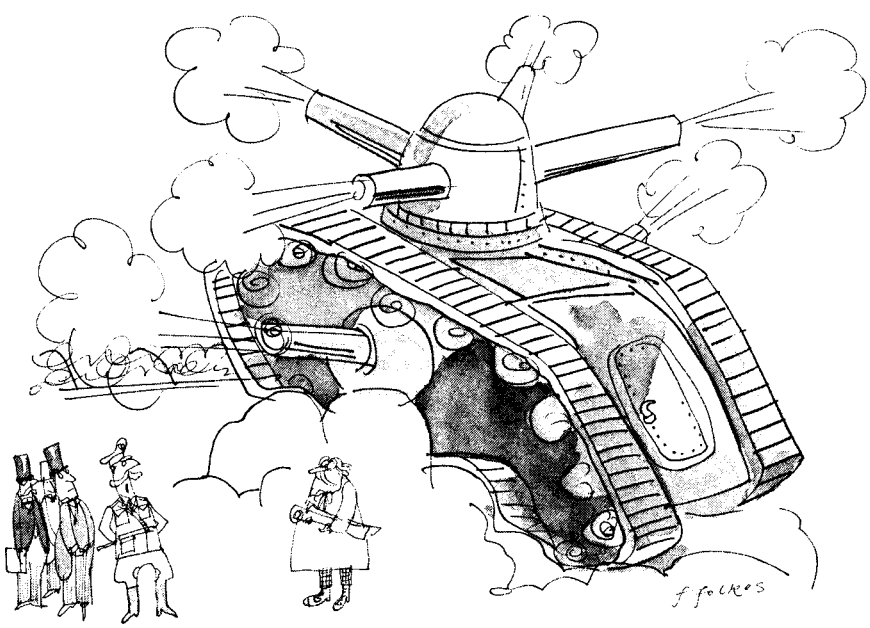
The flush toilet has for a long time been one of the outstanding symbols of civilized living, and understandably so. It manages, at the flick of a finger or the tug of a chain, to remove from sight and mind what has always been one of the most unpleasant animal products. But all that stuff has to go somewhere, and it wasn't long before all our major rivers and some of our coastal waters were so full of it that they weren't fit to dive into; and in some places the fish that survived weren't fit to eat.

Looking at it from a different perspective, we see that we've been wasting our wastes too. Van der Ryn estimates that the wastes discharged every day into the Pacific by the city of Los Angeles could provide enough nutrients to grow 5,000 tons of vegetables.

Obviously, the "civilized" world is so committed to flushing everything into the ocean that we won't be able to bring about a massive reversal; but ecologically workable principles seem much more in tune with the way the world is supposed to work than do the principles imposed upon the planet by our industrial and technological revolutions. I think it would be wonderful if the exhibit we saw at the Los Angeles Sports Arena were shown in every major city and if every college in the United States had something like the Integral Urban House. Then perhaps the new generations of architects and engineers would ask themselves not only whether their plans look good and work well but also whether their plans look and work in harmony with the earth's natural systems.

Wouldn't it be something if in 50 or 100 years people could swim in America's great rivers without getting sick?

I doubt that it will happen, but our recent houseguests almost make me believe it could. ◉



"What else does it do?"

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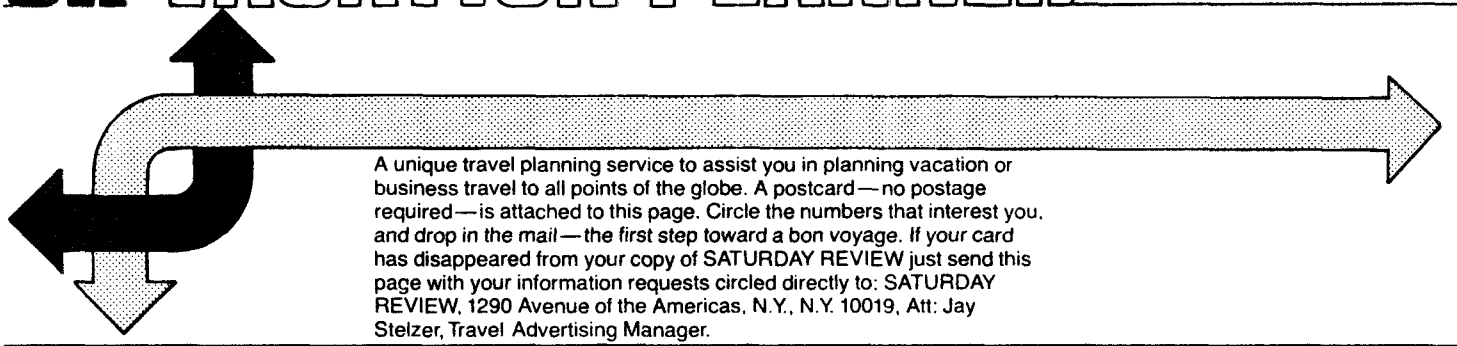

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Children's Books *from page 60*

Spier comes up with something entirely different from his *Noah's Ark* in *Oh, Were They Ever Happy!* (Doubleday, $6.95). Simple: The children overhear their parents say that the house needs painting, and when the parents are away and the baby-sitter doesn't turn up, they paint it. Gloriously messy. ○ *The Mystery at Number Seven, Rue Petite* (Random House, $3.95) has author Ellen Shire instilling an appreciation of haute cuisine in her young readers. Wicked Monsieur Pompeux has an antique shop with a sealed room, and he's mean to Isabelle and Jean-Pierre, his housekeeper and chef, who long to open a restaurant. Through a concatenation of circumstances and a spot of mystery, they do. ○ *The Me I See*, by Barbara Shook Hazen, illustrated by Ali Forberg (Abingdon, $6.95), is what I call a "mood book," a simple meditation on a young girl discovering who she is: "There's nobody like me 'cause nobody else looks exactly as I do." ○ Somewhat the same is *Something on My Mind*, by Nikki Grimes, powerfully illustrated by Tom Feelings (Dial, $7.50). But the prose poems about black children are usually sad. A generally "down" book, but notable for the warmth of the illustrations. ○ For an "up" book, take *Harry Hoyle's Giant Jumping Bean*, by William Van Horn (Atheneum, $7.95). In a loose and skittery drawing style and in bold yellow and blue, we have Harry Hoyle, who collects *everything* in his 72-room house. But then his giant jumping bean breaks loose, acting like a wrecking ball.

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William Cole's latest children's book is the poetry anthology I'm Mad at You! *(Collins+World).*

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 50):
Romans, ransom, manors

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HOUSES FOR RENT

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 148

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 W	2 E	3 Q		4 V	5 C	6 R	7 J	8 L	9 X	10 W	11 T	12 P	13 O		14 B	15 G	16 O
	17 K	18 I	19 W	20 L		21 J	22 Q	23 H	24 W	25 C	26 L		27 M	28 Z	29 E	30 G	31 A
	32 X	33 N		34 I	35 Z¹	36 C		37 Y	38 J	39 L	40 Q		41 V		42 G	43 F	44 X
45 D	46 A	47 C	48 Q		49 M	50 V		51 D	52 G	53 Z	54 S	55 O	56 A		57 K	58 L	59 J
60 W	61 S		62 Z	63 N	64 O	65 S		66 C	67 Q	68 A	69 G		70 D	71 K	72 S	73 X	74 B
75 P	76 W		77 T	78 W	79 R	80 H	81 Z		82 A	83 W	84 X	85 C	86 F	87 Y		88 I	89 Z
90 Z¹	91 B		92 S	93 K	94 I		95 A	96 P	97 E	98 S	99 Z¹		100 G	101 T	102 V	103 Z	104 U
105 C	106 J	107 R	108 D	109 P	110 M	111 X		112 T	113 X	114 O	115 Z¹		116 D	117 N	118 U	119 S	
120 Z	121 K	122 R		123 J	124 A	125 E	126 U		127 X	128 N	129 O	130 K	131 I	132 P	133 G	134 D	135 T
136 S		137 C	138 X		139 E	140 V	141 B	142 T		143 F	144 S	145 I	146 H	147 D	148 M	149 J	
150 E	151 S	152 T	153 A	154 Z		155 I	156 G	157 K	158 N	159 Z¹		160 B	161 U		162 W	163 F	164 R
	165 A	166 C	167 P	168 S	169 Y		170 T	171 L		172 S	173 J	174 O	175 D		176 T	177 Z	178 U
179 R	180 P	181 W		182 U	183 E	184 X		185 H	186 B	187 L	188 G	189 Z	190 I	191 K		192 O	193 A
194 X		195 M	196 F	197 H	198 N	199 D	200 S		201 P	202 R	203 E	204 S	205 L	206 X	207 Y		208 F
209 Q		210 B	211 V		212 Y		213 T	214 G	215 P	216 F	217 S		218 H	219 Z			

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 147*** appears on page 67.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Bread made of cornmeal and water or milk	82 95 124 153 165 193 46 68 31
B. Uncivil, ill-mannered	74 91 141 160 186 210 14
C. Toilsome, burdensome, difficult	25 47 66 85 105 137 166 5 36
D. Disproportion; lack of equilibrium	45 70 116 134 147 175 199 51 108
E. Forcible, pronounced	125 139 150 183 203 2 29 97
F. Bull, flatfoot	208 43 86 143 163 196 216
G. 1922 Gus Kahn-Isham Jones song (3 wds.)	15 30 69 100 133 156 188 214 42
H. Stoned, gassed, pie-eyed; lassoed	146 218 23 185 197 80
I. Pull away from, recoil (2 wds.)	94 131 145 34 155 18 190 88
J. Sharpened on leather	106 123 149 38 7 21 59 173
K. Inferiority; stinginess	17 57 71 93 121 130 157 191
L. The wintergreen *Gaultheria procumbens*	205 58 171 187 26 8 39 20
M. Gave or restored good physical condition to	27 49 110 148 195
N. Just; candid	63 117 128 158 198 33
O. 1927 musical that introduced "The Varsity Drag" (2 wds.)	13 64 114 129 174 192 16 55
P. Overcoat with a long, removable cape	109 132 167 180 201 12 75 96 215
Q. Undo, set free	48 67 209 3 22 40
R. Scolded, vilified	179 202 6 79 107 164 122
S. King of the English, 975–78; son of Edgar (3 wds.)	168 204 65 98 151 217 119 136 172 144 92 54 200 61 72
T. Chimaera, *Chimaera monstrosa*	77 101 170 213 11 135 176 152 112 142
U. One who treats leather; having a better sunburn	182 118 126 161 104 178
V. Celebrated, distinguished	50 41 102 211 140 4
W. Undertaking, venture	76 19 162 83 60 24 181 1 10 78
X. Surrenders, gives up, desists from	84 184 206 9 138 73 127 32 44 113 194 111
Y. Make fast (a rope) to a pin or the like	37 87 169 212 207
Z. Eagerness, fervor, ardor	89 219 154 28 53 81 189 120 62 103
Z¹. Deserts—usually just	99 177 115 35 90 159

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THE BACK DOOR

Circus Daze

I RESERVED TICKETS for the 108th edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, "The Greatest Show on Earth," with a superior sneer. I was convinced that contemporary commercialism—presided over by professional marketers and senior vice-presidents for finance—had done to the circus what cellophane packaging did to tomatoes. As if to reinforce my skepticism, we invited adult friends, and no children, to accompany us.

My first disappointment was the absence of sideshows. No pinheads, no sword swallowers, no skeleton men, no fat or bearded ladies (the former a particular monstrosity in this diet-crazed era), no geeks to chomp and swallow live chickens' heads and toads. Whatever wonders would be displayed, none would disgust, or disturb our sleep. This was to be a sanitized circus, a PTA/*Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval circus, with all ugliness excluded or (in the case of the midgets) disguised as cute.

The second disappointment was the souvenir program. All the color photos of the death-defying daredeviltry looked like stills from variety shows on color TV. The performers' Pepsodent grins and sequined sexiness obscured the terror. Everything was too neat, easy, packaged.

But then the show. The clowns loosened up the audience with their relentless absurdity. One clown tried to catch an extremely trained, ugly little dog with a net and ended up being pursued and subdued by the smart mutt. The giant clown chased the midget, and the midget chased the giant. The children giggled. The houselights dimmed. The spotlight discovered the crooning ringmaster, a smooth salesman type with the expressive name of Harold Ronk. "Ladies and gentlemen, and children of all ages" were welcomed, and the gaudy parade of elephants, acrobats, horses, llamas, cheetahs, clowns, filled the auditorium.

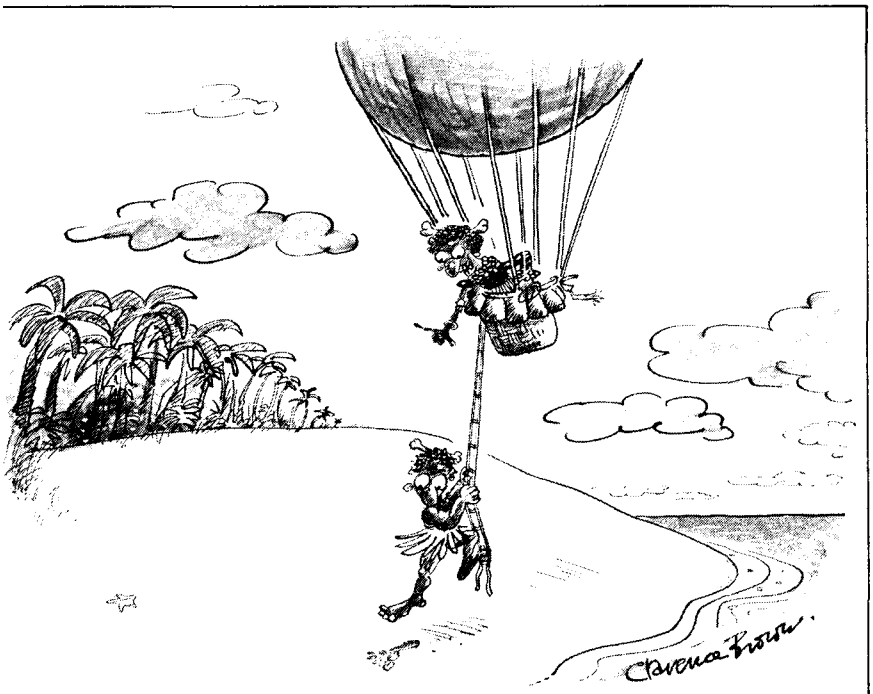
The success of pageantry depends on its spectators' willingness to participate in the delusion. Bishops' crooks and nations' flags are merely sticks and sheets if one subtracts the symbolism. Individually, the excessive costumes, headdresses, and tack would have seemed simply tacky; but in combination, they somehow coerced the audience into another, shinier world. TV could not have conveyed the astonishment, the breathtaking effrontery of so much glitter. Children, joined now by adults, oohed and aahed.

Then the tiger tamer. So we would not think the cats were drugged, ringmaster Ronk emphasized their supposed savagery. Then the trapezists, most notably Tito Gaona, who barely missed completing the heretofore impossible quadruple somersault. Then the trick equestrians; a team of humorous unicycling basketball players; the trained elephants, docile as babies despite their bulk, balancing on barrels and lifting their buxom trainer in their trunks; the tightrope walkers; the human cannon; the balancers; and on and on, each act seeming to defy another natural law.

Thanks to production costs and television technology, the circus has changed from its open-air days, when it would parade into a town with resplendent carriages and transform a dirt lot into a dazzling fantasy world. On a recent visit to the Ringling Circus Museum, in Sarasota, Florida, I was struck by how astonishing and exotic the circus must have seemed in the days before air travel and airwaves—a window onto the limitless variety and wonder of the world.

The circus today has lost much of its romance. To a generation that has seen men walking on the moon, a man braving a tiger is not such a big deal. The exclusion of sideshows has changed the character of the circus from a multitent world one could wander through, to an overly busy play that one must struggle to absorb while sitting in an assigned seat. The banishment of freaks (an act of "kindness" akin to the cowardly removal from our sight of all things ugly or distressing: old age, poverty, deformity, disease) has excised from the circus that element of horror which enhances our sense of mystery.

Nonetheless, the circus today is still wonderful. Its drama is mastery: mastery over our most primitive fears—of height, of wild animals, of being too small in a threatening world—mastery over the pallor and dinginess of our everyday lives. Perhaps the purest drama available to secular man, it persuades us that our natural limitations can be overcome, that the terrible savagery of the world can be tamed, and that all we need to soar from here to where we dream of going is strength and determination. —CARLL TUCKER



"Just one print! It'll drive him crazy!"

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"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

by Sy Levin.

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "must," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

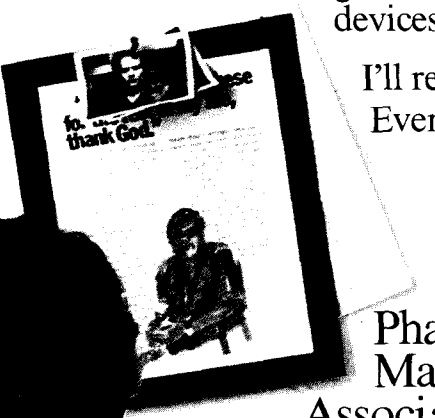
High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

I consider this cost-effectiveness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it.
Every single day.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

Write for "Drugs and Devices: Tomorrow's Life and Cost Savers." PMA, Dept. SR 805; 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W.; Wash., D.C. 20005

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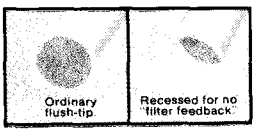
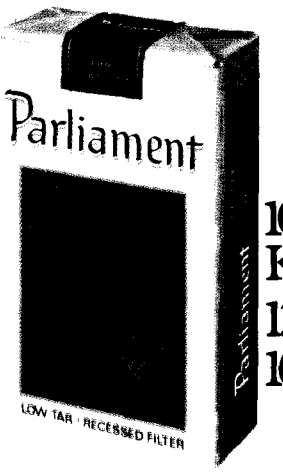
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.

Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.



10 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

Low-tar Parliament

More than just a low-tar number.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug.77.

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